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Poet of the Pleasure Principle

By ALFRED WERNER

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 51, December 20, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

YOU REMEMBER DISTINCTLY...

COMES THE YULETIDE season again, and Trade Winds's semi-annual budget of stories of the month that may make guests around the festive board groan more heavily than the festive board itself. . . .

ONE OF INDIA'S richest maharajahs engaged a crack American engineer to construct a dam some miles above his capital. The engineer's job, completed in record time, was obviously perfect, and the delighted maharajah, besides paying the substantial fee agreed upon in advance, tried to present the engineer with a basketful of gleaming rubies as a token of his appreciation. The engineer would have none of them, however.

"I'm glad you like the job I did," he said simply, "but I can't take your rubies. We don't do things that way in America. The fee I set was more than adequate, and I want no more." The maharajah then offered him a diamond that dwarfed the Hope stone, and other priceless gifts, but the American kept refusing them. Finally the potentate said, "You simply must accept some gift from me, my friend, or it will be my turn to be offended." "Okay," agreed the engineer, "but let's make it a token gift—something simple. For instance, golf clubs are rather scarce at home now. Golf is my favorite recreation. Give me a couple of good golf clubs and we'll all be happy."

The maharajah agreed to this, and the engineer returned to America, where he promptly forgot about the entire conversation. Some three months later, however, he received a cable from his friend, the maharajah.

"My agents have combed the United States," it read, "and selected three golf clubs, which I have bought for you. I am sorry to say, however, that only two of them have swimming pools." . . .

ONE MOMENT the giraffe in the Central Park Zoo was gently munching its lunch. The next, it made a wild leap over the railing of its cage and disappeared in a cloud of dust in the direction of South Ferry. A keeper rushed up to a lady next to the giraffe's cage, and demanded, "What on earth did you do to him?" She hung her head and said, "I just couldn't resist the temptation to tickle him on a tender spot."

"Well, you better tickle me in the same spot, lady," said the keeper grimly. "I've got to catch him." . . .

G. K. CHESTERTON, in a cynical mood, pointed out, "We spend the first half of our lives fighting with our parents and the second half fighting with our children." He also explained the difference between a poet and an astronomer: a poet tries to get his head in the heavens; an astronomer tries to get the heavens in his head. . . . Wearied by the interminable reminiscences of a couple of aged "native New Yorkers," the late Don Marquis put a quick stop to their recital by remarking quietly, "When *I* was a boy, the *Battery* was considered uptown." . . . An ex-GI boasted to his cronies that shortly before her death he had heard Gertrude Stein lecture three times in Paris. "What did she talk about?" asked one. "I dunno," he admitted. "She didn't say." . . . Harry Ruby, the baseball fanatic, was lunching in his Hollywood villa when a close friend called to tell him excitedly, "Who do you think came to see me this morning? Tom Dewey!" "That's great," said Ruby. "*Did you have a catch?*" . . .

WHEN OLE JANSSEN secured a job as janitor in a famous night club, he was given a pass key to every room in the building, including the girls' dressing rooms. Two weeks later the manager ran into him in the hall and said, "What's the matter, Ole? You haven't come round to collect any wages yet." "By golly," gasped Ole. "I get wages too?" . . . A great star, now a grandmother but still beautiful, dropped into Sardi's for a bite with a lovely young thing who had just been graduated from Vassar. The star's manager, at another table, took one look at the youngster and sent over a note which read, "Who is that ravishing kid?" The star answered, "Me." . . . A publisher remarked at a literary cocktail party, "I went over this spring on the *Queen Elizabeth* and came back on the *Queen Mary.*" From the back of the room came the audible whisper, "Boat dropper!" . . .

A GANGLING HAYSEED in an ill-fitting, mail-order suit shambled into a flashy but expensive Chicago hotel, and demanded the best room in the place. "Can you afford it?" the clerk asked suspiciously. By way of answer, the hayseed produced a roll of banknotes big enough to choke a rhinoceros. The clerk's demeanor changed abruptly. "Yes, *sir,*" he boomed. "Welcome to our hotel! Kindly sign the register, sir." The hayseed clutched the pen as though it were a baseball bat, and laboriously made a cross in the register.

A beautiful blonde in the lobby also had gotten a look at the hayseed's bankroll. She strolled languidly to the desk, and favored him with a provocative smile and wiggle. When she trailed off, the hayseed sniffed the aura of her perfume, and said

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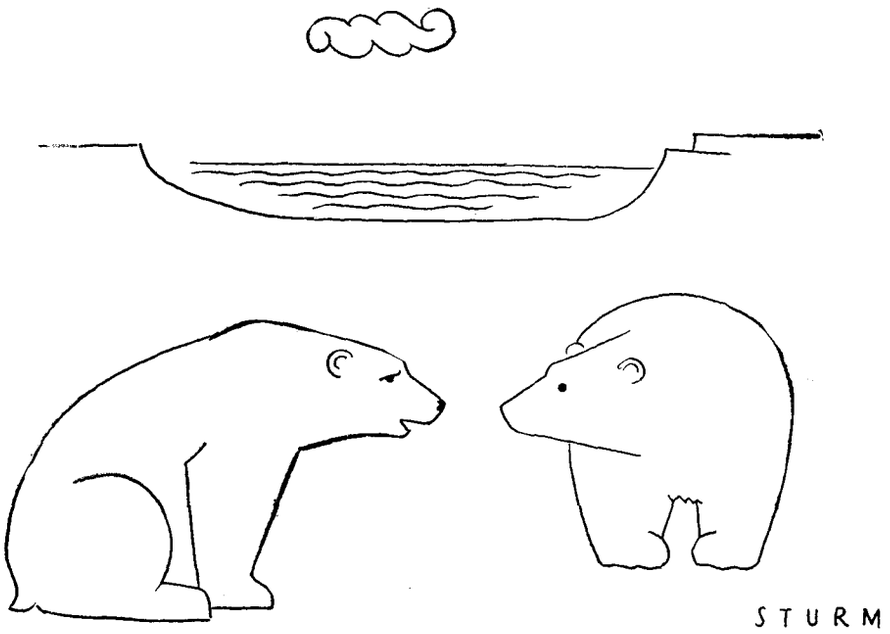


"My insomnia is terrible—I never get to sleep till the middle of December."

reverently, "Man, oh man!" "Want to take her to dinner?" asked the clerk. "I think I could arrange it for you."

"That would be mighty kind of you," said the hayseed. "I won't forget it. But before you talk to her, better hand over that register again." While the puzzled clerk watched him, he drew a rough circle around the cross he had made previously. He explained craftily, "There, that fixes everything. If I'm a-going traipsing round with a gorgeous blonde, I certainly ain't going to do it under my right name!" . . .

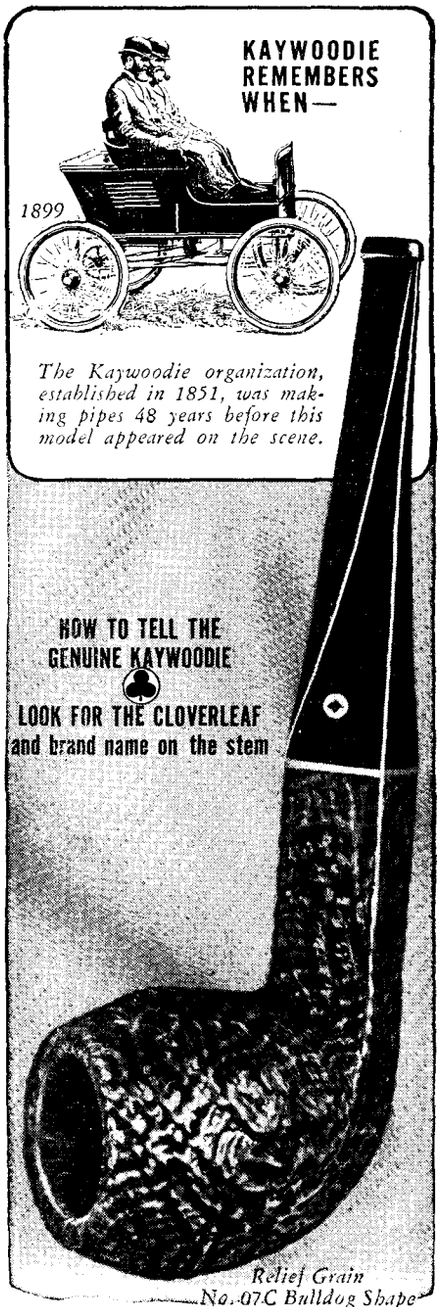
THE PRESIDENT OF a little jerkwater railroad in the South made out a lifelong pass for the family of the president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and sent it to him with a note reading, "I would appreciate the return courtesy of a lifelong pass to *your* railroad for *my* family." In due course his own pass was returned with a curt note that pointed out, "Your road is exactly eleven miles long; mine is over a thousand. Your proposal does not make much sense." The Southerner replied, "It is quite true that your road is longer—but you'll have to admit mine is just as wide." . . . Now that they have installed continuous telephone service on some of the crack transcontinental trains, a reporter who had been AWOL from his newspaper for a fortnight was enabled to call up his editor and announce, "I am speaking to you from a train that is speeding westward through Montana at eighty-five miles an hour." The editor replied, "I am not interested in your velocity and after Friday's payroll is made out will not be interested in your direction." . . . When Joseph Choate, the distinguished barrister, was visiting London some years ago, a stuffy Britisher inquired, "Tell me, Choate, about that fellow countryman of yours, Chauncey Depew. An amusing chap! What's his station in life?" "I guess you might say," answered Choate, "that his station is Grand Central." "Ah," reflected the Britisher. "Over heah we call it the middle clawss." . . .

IN THE SECRET ANNALS of one of Chicago's robber bands is the story of one young gangster, quick on the trigger but slow in his mental processes, who was sent to look over a palatial home marked for a Christmas Eve looting job. He crept silently through the shrubbery, looked into a drawing room, and saw a young lady and young gentleman, both in evening clothes, earnestly playing a piano duet. "Better cross that lay-out off your list," he advised the leader of the gang when he returned. "They can't have much dough. I seen two people in there playing on one piano!" . . .

ALL WRAPPED UP in tinsel and holly comes a challenge from Anne O'Brien. "Can you tell, without looking it up, the name of the poem beginning ''Twas the Night Before Christmas,' who wrote it and when, and the name of St. Nick's eight reindeer mentioned therein?"

Well, I *do* remember the last line of the poem, and I quote, "Happy Christmas to all and to all a goodnight."

BENNETT CERF.



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BENNETT CERF contributes laughter and letters to American life as author of the best-seller "Try and Stop Me" and as contributing editor of The Saturday Review of Literature. He smokes a Kaywoodie.

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Coming up

IN THOSE halcyon days when we owned a country cottage and a garden, we spent hours of feverish excitement searching through the catalogues of seedsmen and nurserymen. Confronted by such abundance of promise, it was far from easy to make the final selection which would ensure a graceful garden and an uncomplaining bank account. We often wished that catalogues were more restrained in their offers, with emphasis laid on just a few choice items. Sometimes we even planned a catalogue to meet the requirements of others like ourselves.

We recall the night when a stick of bombs fell awkwardly near the cottage and as the bedroom ceiling tumbled about us, our thoughts swung fearfully — and perhaps inconsequently — to the herbaceous border where a new strain of young delphiniums was being coaxed through discouraging conditions.

The production bombshells which today cripple a publisher's most tenderly nurtured plans and force him to restrict his output and delay publication dates are just as vexing as bombs in a gardener's herbaceous border.

So we are now bringing to your attention a few choice items from the list of our forthcoming books. And, remembering our bucolic past, we are thinking in terms of books which, we feel, you will like to have on your shelves and which will yield rich rewards for your expenditure. They echo the hopeful, visionary thinking of serious-minded writers in our turbulent era. They reflect the problems, and help to clarify the thought — and the hopes — which often confuse the minds of us all.

From Nobel Prize Winner, Hermann Hesse, comes DEMIAN, a novel dealing with human good and evil. The development of the book's protagonist, young Emil Sinclair, clearly and compassionately illustrates the common problems of mankind.

A poignant, and sometimes painful, novel of youth searching and striving for fulfillment, is ONE PAGE MISSING by Hans Yaray. This, we feel, is a work unique in its understanding and honest portrayal of childhood fears and struggles.

BEDROCK, by Otto Schrag, is a violent and, at the same time, tender novel of almost unendurable emotional conflict. Three women of totally dissimilar characters and backgrounds have one common link — their need, each for reasons of her own, for Sebastian Wendtland, a sick surgeon. Perhaps there are not too many women in the world exactly like Violet, whose relationship with Sebastian has the diabolic reality of a nightmare, but the furious demon of possessiveness which grips her is all too familiar in our lives.

Anne Fremantle has written a memorable and unusual historical romance about James I, Scotland's poet-king. JAMES AND JOAN is a vivid and exciting chronicle of medieval England, Scotland and France. Authentic in its detail, realistic in its colorful and pulsating atmosphere, this novel is also an exquisitely moving love story. Anne Fremantle, a trained historian and remarkably skilled writer, is, incidentally, a descendant of her heroine, Lady Joan Beaufort, James's queen.

John Gielgud, one of the most versatile and distinguished actors in the contemporary theatre, who plays Raskolnikoff in CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, is proclaiming on Broadway, as he did in London, his enthusiasm for Rodney Ackland's dramatization of Dostoevsky's great novel. Mr. Ackland, the famous English playwright, has performed a remarkable achievement in presenting the entire substance of Dostoevsky's masterpiece, and we regard his adaptation as an important contribution to the literature of the theatre.

Maintaining our reputation for publishing books of serious thought, we are offering THE NEXT DEVELOPMENT IN MAN by Lancelot Law Whyte. This is not only a searching examination of man's past development, but the chart of a new course of development for the decades that lie immediately ahead. Mr. Whyte foresees major and far-reaching social progress within the next few decades, involving, inevitably, an altered conception of history and the establishment of a new relationship between the East and the West.

From material collected during many years of work as a psychological consultant, Frances G. Wickes has written THE INNER WORLD OF MAN, which Dr. Jung has described as "the most recommendable introduction to Analytical Psychology." Mrs. Wickes not only explains the ways in which unconscious material becomes conscious, but deals also with case histories and stories of troubled minds helped to readjustment through analysis.

These will give you some idea of the scope and variety of our forthcoming list. We commend these books to you with something of the affectionate pride and anxiety of parents launching their children into a critical world.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Poet of the Pleasure Principle

December 1947 Marks the 150th Anniversary of Heine's Birthday

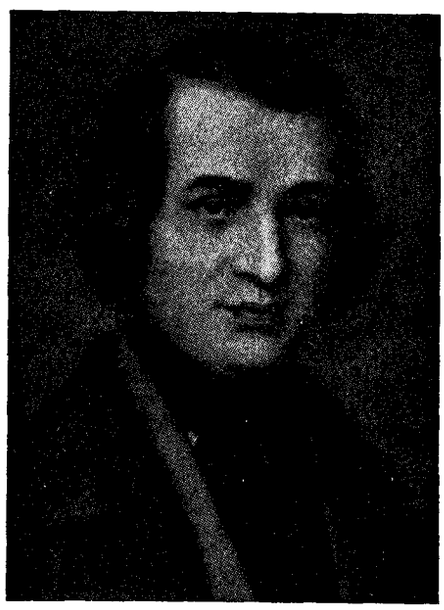
ALFRED WERNER

ABOUT a century ago a haggard, sick man went out for what he feared might be his last stroll along the Boulevards of the Paris he loved so dearly. One eye in his waxen face was shut, the other was lustreless; grey-bearded, his mouth wry with pain, he looked much older than his fifty years. Dragging himself along on his cane, he was, nevertheless, happy for a little while, as he smelled the spring and heard the gay laughter of women—until the peaceful strollers were brutally dispersed by wild, revolutionary crowds, shouting savage slogans and singing the "Marseillaise." More disgusted than frightened, the invalid felt his way through the mob until he reached the Louvre, deserted during those historical hours. When he stopped for breath, he found that he was standing before the statue of the Venus of Milo. Powerfully moved at the sight of her beauty, the poet collapsed before her:

> At her feet I lay for a long time and wept so as to move a stone to pity [wrote Heinrich Heine about the accident] and the blessed Goddess of Beauty, the Dear Lady of Milo, looked down on me with mingled compassion and desolation, seeming to say: 'Dost thou not see that I have no arms, and therefore cannot help thee?'

None, not even the physicians, could help the sick poet. He was carried home and put to bed, and from that day on, for the next eight years, Heine never left his "Mattress Grave," until on February 17, 1856, he was released by Death and his mortal remains were taken to the Pére-Lachaise Cemetery. . . .

The little story—*si non è vero, è ben trovato*—is significant because of its symbolic character. It is symbolic of Heine, who liked to refer to himself as "a son of the Revolution," but who, when the Revolution becomes reality, flees from it in danger; who retreats into the realm of art, but at the sight of the goddess whose bondman he had always been, is robbed



"Only one other German poet wrote as freely and joyfully about his loves" as Heinrich Heine.

of his last physical strength by a traumatic shock. Yet it is not too difficult to make clear this paradox; to resolve the seeming inconsistency in his character.

Heine, born on December 13, 1797, was primarily a great emancipator, a liberator of mankind from the thralldom of medievalism, who was unable to accomplish his mission because it was far too big for one man, even for a genius like Heine:

> I doubt that I deserve the laurel wreath [he once remarked], for poetry has always been merely an instrument with me, a sort of divine plaything. If you would honor me, lay a sword rather than a wreath upon my coffin, for I was, above all else, a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.

He anticipated Marx and Engels when he wrote that he wished to see the destruction of the wicked old social order "where privilege and brutality feed each other, where man is exploited by man." He was in accord with the Saint-Simonists, who opposed their dogma of the emancipation of the flesh to the Church's dogma of asceticism.

But Heine, the poet, hated the rigidity of all systems, all organized philosophy, as he meditated on the kaleidoscopic picture of the human soul with its contradictions and complications. He, who had glorified Napoleon in a poem, declared later that he was no Bonapartist. He had ridiculed monarchs and aristocrats, had praised the ideal of democracy, yet when it came to a showdown he said, with a Shavian wit but with deeper sincerity, that he favored a republic governed by monarchists, or a monarchy governed by republicans. His fellow-émigrés in Paris complained that Heine was not above selling out liberty for an epigram, but they failed to understand him. Nor did Ludwig Boerne, republican, ardent German patriot, and staunch liberal. The great journalist who, despite his wit, often lacked a sense of humor, was incapable of viewing other than as a natural enemy the poet who arrayed himself against all systems, whose fatherland was, not Germany, but Europe, and who treasured truth above the dogmas of the various parties.

BOERNE thought he had dealt Heine a death-blow when he declared: "All that he [Heine] loves in truth is the beautiful." Actually Boerne came close to stating a fact. Heine's philosophy—the term used in a general sense—strongly resembles the attitude towards life held by his contemporary, the British poet to whom beauty was truth, truth—beauty. For Heine was, if we must describe him in a single term, a hedonist, in the noblest sense of the word. It was his conviction that the emancipation of mankind could not be achieved before each individual was made free to enjoy the beauty of life.

The philosophy of hedonism is as old as man's cravings for happiness. The ancient philosopher, Aristippus,

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stated that pleasure was identical with happiness, that it was the highest goal, that it was intrinsically good and all its elements partook of this goodness. Health — love — the enjoyment of the beautiful, these were for Heine the pillars upon which rested man's happiness. Before he became ill Heine was a vigorous, handsome man. "I feel as though I could devour all the elephants of Hindustan, and then pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg cathedral," he wrote to a friend as a young man. The French novelist Gautier described him as "a good-looking man with rich blond hair," and the Austrian dramatist Grillparzer who visited him in Paris and found him surrounded by pretty women, remarked that he looked "like the joy of living and with his broad neck like the energy of living."

Only one other German poet, his fellow-pagan Goethe, wrote as freely and joyfully about his loves. Calling himself "the merriest of poets," Heine looked askance at any philosophy that practised self-denial and self-mortification, and he expressed his views, time and again, with a refreshing frankness. He loathed the dualism of orthodox Christianity with its dichotomy of good and evil wherein the body, with its appetites, is regarded as the evil part to be subdued. Hence, he had high regard for Martin Luther, who, with his sound earthiness, had challenged this old asceticism:

> He [Luther] could lose himself in the depths of pure spirituality—and yet he knew very well the glories of this world, and valued them . . . he was a complete man, I might say an absolute man, in whom spirit and matter were not separated.

In a delightful excursion into cosmic mythology Heine held orthodox dualism up to ridicule by explaining that God was short of money when He created the world and was compelled to mortgage himself to the Devil. Thus each has an interest in maintaining the status quo, and neither dares thwart the other. . . .

ONE must not misinterpret the statement he made on his "mattress grave" when he said that he was "no longer a Hellenist, full of life and slightly corpulent, with a derogative, serene smile for the melancholy Nazarene," but had become "a poor Jew, sick to death, an emaciated picture of misery, an unhappy man." Despite his sickness Heine remained a hedonist to his last breath. "My life was beautiful," the moribund poet told a friend. The poet envied the pug dog which ran to and fro below in the Champs Elysées, while he, Heine, could not move a muscle. But despite almost unbearable pain, he stubbornly clung to life, even though it were but "a rotten beam." In one of the deeply moving poems of his last years Heine had Achilles exclaim that he would prefer to be the humblest philistine in Stuttgart (a city which Heine detested) than a dead hero in Hades. Here we have an Old Testament motif: "A living dog is better than a dead lion," says Ecclesiastes, and the Preacher adds: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

HEINE followed this advice instinctively and throughout his writings admonished mankind to follow the "pleasure principle," so called by another great liberator of mankind, Sigmund Freud, born the year that Heine died. But Heine was not shallow and egotistical enough to spend his life entirely in search of his own pleasure. His aim was to take mankind along on the road—and when he saw that the greed or ambition of a few blocked the pursuit of happiness of the multitude, he turned the stiletto of his word against the princes who suppressed their subjects. As Heine wrote in "The Silesian Weavers" (translated by Louis Untermeyer):

> A curse to the Fatherland, whose face is
> Covered with filth and foul disgraves;
> Where the bud is crushed before it can seed,
> And the worm grows fat on corruption and greed. . . .

But Heine was too much of a skeptic to believe that general happiness could be achieved if the masses, aroused from their slumber by Marx, Lassalle, and the other revolutionaries, succeeded in destroying the hated old order by force. He feared

(*Continued on page 29*)

Aphorisms by Heine

Be entirely tolerant or not at all; follow the good path or the evil one. To stand at the crossroads requires more strength than you possess.

Atheism is the last word of theism.

No talent but yet a character.

He who fears to venture as far as his heart urges and his reason permits, is a coward; he who ventures further than he intended to go, is a slave.

I call'd the devil, and he came;
With wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.

Silence—a conversation with an Englishman.

Experience is a good school but the fees are high.

Graves, they say, are warm'd by glory;
Foolish words and empty story.

It is only kindred griefs that draw forth our tears, and each weeps really for himself.

When people talk about a wealthy man of my creed, they call him an Israelite; but if he is poor they call him a Jew.

Reason exercises merely the function of preserving order, is, so to say, the police in the region of art. In life it is mostly a cold arithmetician summing up our follies.

Terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—Death.

The arrow belongs not to the archer when it has once left the bow; the word no longer belongs to the speaker when it has once passed his lips.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gaily
In the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kissed and it thought of nothing beside.
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast springing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.

The oaks with solemnity shook their heads;
The twigs of the birch-trees, in token
Of warning, nodded,—and I exclaim'd:
"Dear Monarch, forgive what I've spoken!"

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U.S.A. *In a mere three hundred years of history this country has jumped from a population of three million to 150 million, has spanned three thousand miles of continent, has built up a great industrial machine, has emerged from two wars a somewhat confused, yet victorious world power. We've scarcely had time to catch our breath, to look about us. And now a group of liberal historians has elected to chart our course and our deviations from it. If the theme of their histories—William Harlan Hale's "The March of Freedom," Lloyd Morris's "Postscript to Yesterday," Roger Butterfield's "The American Past," and the two reviewed below—is generally one of discouragement because of the gap between practice and ideal in American life, the very vigor and sweep of their attack shows the liberal tradition is far from dead.*

Our Shrinking World

THE UNITED STATES: AMERICAN DEMOCRACY IN WORLD PERSPECTIVE. By Ray Allen Billington, Bert James Loewenberg, and Samuel Hugh Brockunier. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1947. 894 *pp.* $6.50.

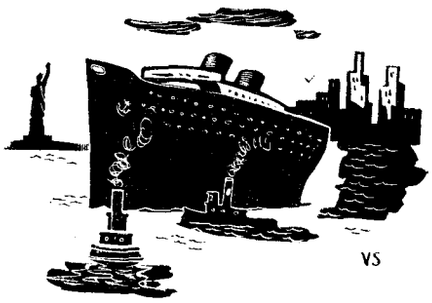
Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

A PORTRAIT of Franklin D. Roosevelt serves as frontispiece to this new survey of American history, and the whole book is written in his spirit.

More than that, it is written in the spirit of Roosevelt at his most aggressive—the F.D.R. of the first inaugural and of "We have just begun to fight." The fact is noteworthy, since the publisher clearly hopes to market this handsome, broad-beamed, shrewdly-illustrated, and well-buttressed volume on many a campus.

Why launch such a 900-page project, to begin with? Looking at it simply from the viewpoint which it ardently espouses, what does it have that the well-established liberal surveys by the Beards and the Morison-Commager team don't have? It presents no startling new historical facts. It sets forth no sweeping new interpretation. What it has to offer derives chiefly from the singleness of purpose of its three professor-authors—Billington of Northwestern University, Loewenberg of Sarah Lawrence, and Brockunier of Wesleyan—who have jointly dedicated themselves to the proposition that "historians have a responsibility for the shaping of a peaceful future."

The theme of the book arises from a recognition of the constantly growing interdependence of all peoples, and so they write, "The history of each nation must be rewritten. . . . In the shrinking world the time has come to recapture the universal spirit. Man's fate hinges upon the recognition of Man as the central theme. . . ."



This may sound like an easy slogan to ride, but the present team goes to work to tie it down to concrete instance and development. They shift the main historical emphasis from the uniqueness of America's story to its linkage with the whole world's unfolding story. Thus they can take the Federalist "counterrevolution" in its stride, seeing it as a familiar reaction coming on the heels of an uncompleted revolt. They avoid emitting the usual oh's and ah's over our Jacksonian upsurge, pointing out its interrelation with similar tides of popular unrest and assertion that were sweeping simultaneously across all Europe. They are not bowled over by our turn-of-the-century reformers and muckrakers, for they remind us that the work our insurgents were trying to launch here had already been carried forward, often to decisive legislative lengths, in many of the "old countries."

Not that the triumvirs of "The United States" are out to denigrate the special combination of energies produced in our country. Their tone is as steeped in respect for our central national symbols as any reader might desire; only they don't want to see us fall uncritically on our faces before the bitch-goddess of national success. Success for what? That is the question implicit in all their chapters. And their answer, often made explicit, is that our success should be rated in terms of how far we have assisted in securing the common man's needs and have led in unfolding his powers.

The authors' answers gain force in proportion as they are immediate to our time. Here is a book whose qualities are the reverse of those of most broad historical surveys: it is often fuzzy when dealing with earlier centuries, but it is sharp when dealing with our own. Planned on a spacious scale, the book gets off to a curiously listless start: the eras of discovery and colonial growth are rehearsed as if by rote, and it isn't until the emergence of the struggling young republic that the authors really warm up to their subject.

Stock attitudes and clichés, in fact, abound in the first two inauspicious chapters. We hear of medieval institutions "fast crumbling," of European scholars "emerging from the darkness of their cells to bask in the light of revived classical learning," of new trade routes "bursting the chrysalis of localism," and of a seventeenth century in which "life was simple everywhere." Dead-set against the forces of the past, the book is inclined in orthodox liberal fashion to write off also our own early Puritans because of their static authoritarianism—forgetting, in this routine dismissal, that the Puritan doctrines of private judgment and of man's compact with God held in solution our explosive ideas of individualism and natural rights.

The complex, colorful, and prophetic patchwork of our colonial life, half rebellious and half antiquarian, awakens little interest on the part of the authors. Neither, strange to say, does the subtle interaction of English, French, practical, and humanitarian attitudes that went into the framing of those startling manifestoes that culminated in the Declaration of Independence. Not until the drafting of the Constitution do the authors unlimber, and here they follow the once heretical interpretation set forth by Charles A. Beard.

But then they hit their stride. Although friendly to the liberal tradition of Jefferson's Virginia heirs, they show its increasing unreality amid the emergence of a lusty nationalism and its final tacit acceptance of the Hamiltonian point of view. Throughout our history they see the same tendency for ideas to lag behind fast-changing circumstance. The greatest work of the Jacksonians lay in trying to amend the frontier doctrine of popular self-sufficiency in such a way as to catch up with increasing rigidities of the factory system, with its

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booms and depressions. It was a huge job, and our social thinking never quite caught up with the system—that is, not until the New Deal of a century later.

This spread between cherished notions and the facts of life grew wider after the Civil War. "Americans since the Civil War," says co-author Loewenberg, "were not simply confronted with the task of adapting older ideas and institutions to newer circumstances; they were living in the midst of a conflict of cultures."

The paradox of American liberalism and insurgency, the later chapters make clear, is that at heart it wanted to return to the older culture rather than grapple radically with the new. A model for this retrospective attitude has been set by Jefferson himself, with his dream of prolonging an eighteenth-century rural arcadia. The utopian reformers (to whom this book gives ample and considered space) had sought to set up perpetual Zions in the back country. The Populists, the "Goo-goos," the trust-busters—all wanted to turn back the remorseless economic clock and return to a day of smaller enterprise, freer movement, and simple decencies between man and man.

Although all were democrats, they were better attuned to the ideals of the past than to rigors of the present. And at this point the class of industrial masters who were by no means democrats appealed to the same older philosophies of independence and self-sufficiency in such a way as to block the road to reform. The upshot was, as the authors point out, that "the country remained the citadel of conservatism"—and many other nations, less bound than we to tradition, passed us by on the road of social progress.

How our democratic majority finally broke free from its inhibitions and caught up with its own present-day interests is a story that provides the final and most effective chapter of the book. Here the writing becomes avowedly partisan and tractarian, and gilt-edged names of Republican oracles and millionaire mentors are tossed into the historic ashcan with un-academic abandon. Our role on the world stage between wars is dismissed in a thumping chapter called "Neanderthal Nationalism"; and the book winds up with a call that now, at the pinnacle of our power, we carry out the high promise implicit in our history and ring in the century of the common man.

William Harlan Hale, articles editor of The New Republic, *is author of "The March of Freedom: A Layman's History of the American People."*

Our Past as Key to Our Present

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE. By Henry Bawford Parkes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 343 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN LYDENBERG

THE SUBTITLE of "The American Experience" is "An Interpretation of the History and Civilization of the American People." The introduction explains that the object of the book is to discuss the "meaning" of the American past and "to derive from it a deeper understanding of the problems of the American present." The wary reader quite properly tightens his lips skeptically, if patiently, and wonders what he's in for—not because the promises are improper or undesirable, but because they seem to foreshadow that fusion or confusion of history and interpretative essay that easily dissolves into specious generalization or nauseous flag-waving.

But the sceptic will be surprised. This isn't "popular history," nor is it a paean to the American way. It is instead precisely what the author said it would be. It is a discussion of the history of the United States, which effectively includes the essential factual information but never allows the drama or the details to obscure its central theme. It accomplishes the difficult feat of being both intelligible to the layman and rewarding for the professional. And it presents a provocative and convincing, if by no means a novel interpretation of the evolution of our present befuddled impotence.

Professor Parkes's thesis is that the American people attempted to establish a truly new society, replacing European traditions of status and authority with doctrines of individual freedom and equality. An agrarian democracy made up of small property holders was the institutional framework for this experimental society. But the industrial capitalism that engulfed agrarian America after the Civil War negated the original ideals. As a result, theory and practice conflicted so sharply that the society and its members bogged down in a morass of neurotic frustrations.

—*Blackstone Studio.*

Henry B. Parkes: "[Americans] continued to hope big industry would prove not incompatible with economic democracy."

Stated thus barely the theme may sound rusty and arid. But as here developed it is, instead, fresh and suggestive. The author has used with discrimination the insights of analysts from de Tocqueville and Turner to Thurman Arnold and Karen Horney. Particularly effective is his utilization of concepts borrowed from sociology and psychology which often illuminate the social and individual attitudes more sharply than do the conventional categories of orthodox history. He has woven together economic history and analysis of American literature, generalized summaries of trends and detailed discussions of particularly significant spokesmen, into a pattern that is at the same time clear and complex.

Professor Parkes discusses three characteristics of the American people as especially significant: their conception of life as a continuous battle between good and evil, white and black, a vision derived largely from the Puritan heritage; their drive to impose their will upon the environment, to master and conquer, a drive resulting most immediately from the frontier experience; and finally, their optimism and belief in the innate virtue of human beings. The American experience varied as these characteristics varied in relation to each other and to the changing social institutions. Thus:

> In the agrarian society of colonial America . . . industry, honesty, and sobriety were normally rewarded, and poverty was normally the result of idleness and improvidence. There was therefore a clear correlation between material success and those qualities which Americans had been taught to regard as virtuous. This harmony between the material and moral standards of the community . . . was of immense importance in promoting the American qualities of optimism, self-assurance, and confidence in human nature.

And again:

> Even in the twentieth century most Americans wished for . . . [an agrarian] society; many of them, in fact, continued to insist,

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in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary, that America was still such a society. But they were not prepared to act by agrarian principles. Attracted by the mirage of progress, and confused and misled by the exponents of business enterprise, they continued to hope that the growth of big industry would somehow prove to be not incompatible with economic democracy and opportunity for all. In consequence, a kind of pathological schism, a lack of adaptation to realities, developed within the American mind.

Of course no one can write a 350-page interpretation of American history without inviting a barrage of criticism—for particular omissions, emphases, opinions, and indeed for merely having the temerity to undertake such a task. Each reader will have his own complaints; my most serious one is that the scant 120 pages devoted to America since the Civil War don't allow the author to do justice to his exposition of our modern dilemmas. But few readers will allow their disagreements with specific parts of the book to spoil the richness of the analysis as a whole.

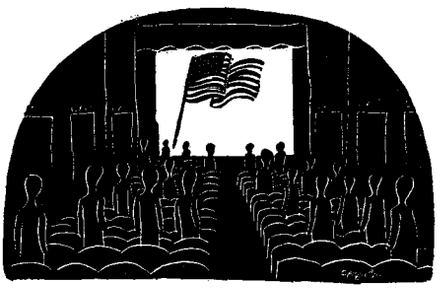
Cross-Eyed View

AMERICA IN PERSPECTIVE: The United States Through Foreign Eyes. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Henry Steele Commager. New York: Random House. 1947. 389 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I SUPPOSE it is part of the continuing self-consciousness of Americans in the intellectual category that they show a fondness for appraisals by foreigners. The Germans at one time shared this curious pleasure, but I doubt that British or French or Italian or Polish publishers bring out at regular intervals books about foreign travelers and what they have to say of one's own land. With us, however, consulting the foreigner has been as regular a part of the intellectual *mores* as consulting an astrologer is part of business behavior. There is a library on the subject.

Comes now Professor Henry Steele Commager, an able and engaging historian, with the 1947 variant of the formula. He presents us with thirty-five selections from as many commentators, ranging in time from Crèvecoeur and Brissot de Warville of eighteenth-century fame to John Buchan, Dennis W. Brogan, and Victor Vinde. You will learn from Raoul de Roussy de Sales that love is a national problem in the United States. You will discover from Salvador de Madariaga that Americans are only boys at heart. You will be told by Adam de Gurowski that the genius of the Americans is for practical affairs, by Francis Grund that morality and religion are their real overlords, by William Cobbett that the country is the poor man's heaven, and by Paul Bourget that it is the paradise of the rich. If the judgment of foreigners is the judgment of posterity, posterity



is going to have a confused time of it.

Professor Commager has the right to put together any sort of book he wants to; and the present collection is bright, amusing, and readable. Mr. Commager's notes on the several authors are helpful; his introduction is that summary-and-quotation sort of thing that is altogether too customary in this kind of anthology.

But I say "altogether too customary" because I think Mr. Commager really fails us. He ought to give us some yardstick by which to evaluate these criss-cross judgments. He mostly tells you that the world has been immensely curious about the success or failure of American life, that the prophecies of failure now ring hollow and the pictures of success prove to be a little on the rosy side.

I admire and esteem Professor Commager, but this book is a little too cozy to be historically sound. None of his selections pictures the dirt and brutality that travelers saw—not only on the frontier. No selection, so far as I now recall, hints at gouging parties, lynchings, scalping, murders, and the general brutal violence of half-civilized communities such as Mark Twain knew. So far as I remember, there seem to have been no labor unions in the United States; or, if there were, his gentlemanly travelers avoided them (and as there are only two or three ladies, they don't count). If steamboats exploded, if trains collided, if cholera or pestilence swept the country—and plenty of travelers noticed these things in the nineteenth century—you'd not guess it from these happy pages. I gather there never was an industrial revolution in the United States, or city slums, or clay-eaters, or racial tension, or a problem of the insane and the indigent. The America of Mother Jones or Eugene Debs or Gronlund or John Reed isn't here.

In "America in Perspective" nobody complains of ugly, jerry-built business blocks, or pigs in the streets of New York, or tenements, or the battered farmhouses Hamlin Garland described. And nobody paints a picture or writes a book or conducts a symphony or does anything with marble or terra cotta.

Now, of course, even in 400 pages, Mr. Commager can't put all of this in. But I submit that to put none of this in (or very little of it, as you prefer) doesn't give you a book you can honestly call "America in Perspective." The historical perspective on the United States as reported by foreign travelers will have to include the ugly and the raw, the mistakes and the sore spots, the failures, the cheapnesses, and the mud, no less than the reports on political behavior, morals, and the social code. And the reason why I, for one, think it a bit dangerous to omit the harsh detail is that Professor Commager, a responsible historian, says in effect to his readers: "This is the best representative cross-section of reports by foreigners on the success and failure of your civilization I as an historian can find." But as Hardy said long ago, you have to look at the worst if you want to look at the best, and I sadly confess that Professor Commager's job in this volume is just a little more superficial than I want so honest and forthright an historian to be.

Lush Land

THE EVERGLADES: RIVER OF GRASS. By Marjory Stoneman Douglas. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 406 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL FLOWERS

THE QUICK dollar fraternity probably will not like Miss Douglas's contribution to the Rivers of America Series. On the other hand, those who have an eye for posterity and wish for their grandchildren a chance to develop what is left of this nation's resources, will breathe thanks for her book.

At first glance, "The Everglades: River of Grass" appears to be a delightfully written, well-documented, and almost inspired description of that fabulous stream, and a splendid chronological account of man's career in and around it. It is not often that a writer can weave geography, geology, the fauna and flora, plus ethnology of a region into so attractive a fabric, but Miss Douglas has accomplished all this and more. With ap-

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propriate attention to sound science, she has put drama into the stories of geologic upheavals and settlings, and how life developed in that lush land.

But it is in her account of man's desperate effort to extract quick dollars out of that land—beginning with the Spaniards and coming on down to recent days—that she rises to her noblest heights. She indicts for greed, and she offers evidence sufficient to convict on charges of wasting, in a few short years, what nature had taken eons to lay down.

Once again the crime of the white man's pillage of Indian properties is recalled to shame posterity; once again the record speaks of incredible stupidity and pigheadedness practised by a ruthless few who had no thought of the morrow.

In her concluding chapter, "The Eleventh Hour," Miss Douglas recapitulates the shocking waste of human and natural resources, but with honesty and praise she points to the brighter sides of the picture too—how Harold Ickes and John Collier saved the deer from extermination; how a great university has sprung up at Miami because of a noble dream; how more and more enlightened people have put pressure on politicians to stop the waste.

Miss Douglas's story is rich in folklore and its handmaiden, formal history; and there is a delightful vein of wit and humor brightening her skill as narrator, heightening her stature as a prophet; securing her place as an American fighting for preservation of this country's material, human, and spiritual values.

The Need for an MVA

THE MISSOURI VALLEY. By Rufus Terral. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 247 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. REDDIG

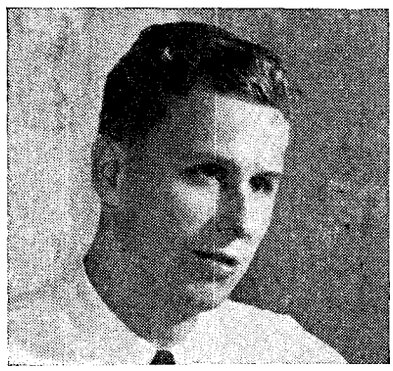
THIS book about the Missouri Valley is the work of an able reporter and editorial writer, Rufus Terral, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* The reporter in Mr. Terral comes out in his lively and entertaining but factually sound survey of the Missouri River and the valley it traverses. The editorial writer in him comes out in his persuasive arguments for a developmental program covering the entire area under the control of a Missouri Valley Authority patterned on the Tennessee Valley Authority. And let no one suppose that this is not a hot subject in the valley.

The Missouri River, says Mr. Terral, has always been incorrigible, an errant, gypsy river that has roamed the landscape these 25,000 years and more. In its upper reaches it runs steady between stable banks, but downstream where its banks are sandy and low it changes its course continually. Its gypsy roaming has altered state lines, undermined bridges, left one-time port towns stranded, kept waterworks and power plants under threat of shutoffs by sudden channel shifts, and prevented new bridge construction—for no one wants to risk money on bridges that may go out in the spring floods. There is great waste in the Missouri Valley and there is also great potential wealth: in minerals, in grains, in sheep, horses, cattle, and hogs, and in industry. But in Mr. Terral's opinion, before the waste can be stopped and the potential wealth fully realized, the river must be nailed down.

But nailing the river down, stabilizing the channel, is only the beginning of what must be done. Development of the valley starts with soil restoration—and Missouri Valley land has had some bad treatment through the years. Underground water supplies must be scientifically controlled in the drouth areas so that today's rainfall may be saved for tomorrow, and kept clean and usable. Forestation and water supply through snow and the relation between the two must be investigated. Erosion control, tree planting for protection against the hot winds of summer and the cold winds of winter, experiment with new grasses and crops suitable to the land and the climatic conditions, more water power for electricity which will in turn bring new industries—these are vital matters in any overall program for the Missouri Valley.

It will be no easy matter, as Mr. Terral well knows, to get the diverse eight million inhabitants of 529,350 square miles to agree to a program of valley development which covers the entire area. One important reason is that the valley is made up of sharp contrasts: mountains, plains, and lowlands, with each region devoted to its own particular problems, and each special interest here as elsewhere setting up its own little cheering section. And to convince the eight million that an MVA should be in control will be even less easy; for if there is contrast in the valley, there is also paradox. Many of the eight million are descendants of the hardy first settlers who fought it out with nature on the plains a century ago. They are self-reliant as were their forebears, but they are also not self-reliant. Bernard DeVoto too, like Rufus Terral, describes this paradox as the mind of the West—"asking the Federal Government to give help and keep hands off."

This very readable book is of considerably more than local significance. The findings here presented are obviously important to the man whose land blows away in dust and whose cattle die for lack of pasturage and water in times of drouth, and to the man whose barns collapse in roaring flood waters, to all whose fortunes are linked directly to the valley. But they are also, though perhaps less obviously, important to every citizen of the U. S. A. in these uneasy days of admonition against waste, and of feeding the starving.



My Current Reading

SRL's list of current reading comes this week from **Cord Meyer, Jr.,** a young veteran who has devoted himself to the cause of peace. Mr. Meyer is the author of the recent "Peace or Anarchy," and is the president of the United World Federalists.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR, *by Willard Motley (Appleton-Century)*

THE HIDDEN DAMAGE, *by James Stern (Harcourt, Brace)*

THE BEAUTIFUL CHANGES, *by Richard Wilbur (Reynal & Hitchcock)*

SPEAKING FRANKLY, *by James F. Byrnes (Harper)*

THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY, *by Lionel Trilling (Viking)*

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford)*

THE COMING CRISIS, *by Fritz Sternberg (John Day)*

PRATER VIOLET, *by Christopher Isherwood (Random House)*

THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND, *by Cyril Connolly (Macmillan)*

LA LUTTE AVEC L'ANGE, *by André Malraux*

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Personal History.

Before 1932 our Presidents' wives lived under a cloak of anonymity. Many will think it was first discarded by the inimitable Eleanor Roosevelt; but they have forgotten Dolly Madison, brilliant hostess for two Presidents, and Abigail Adams, wife and mother of two more, who receives her just desserts in the books reviewed below. . . . Lacking the glamor of kings and emperors, most of our Presidents have been virtually forgotten. But a few will live—the "Founders," and Jackson, Lincoln, the Roosevelts. A mere beginning has been made in judging the stature of F.D.R., whose definitive life will depend upon many memoirs like Frances Perkins's "The Roosevelt I Knew," and many collections of papers like the first instalment of the personal letters of the President, reviewed below.

School Boy, College Man

F.D.R.: HIS PERSONAL LETTERS. EARLY YEARS. Foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 543 pp. $5.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

MANY a doting mother has kept her child's letters with loving care, but few with such ultimate purpose as Sara Delano Roosevelt. Admirers of the late President and students alike must be grateful to her for the affectionate collection, carefully preserved, dated, and in some instances corrected, which is now published as the first volume of President Roosevelt's personal correspondence, and which must be accepted in lieu of the autobiography which he might well have written had he liver longer.

"F.D.R.: His Personal Letters. Early Years" begins with his first letter, sent to his mother who was evidently ill in another part of the house, when Franklin Roosevelt was five, and ends with a note written just before his graduation from Harvard in 1904. Two more volumes are projected, a second to cover the period from 1905 to 1928, when he was elected Governor of the State of New York, and a third to include "letters and other personal material covering the Governorship and the Presidency, up to his death in 1945."

In a simple foreword Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt tells of the finding of these papers in her husband's study at Hyde Park after his death, and her belief that he intended to use them at some time, or at least to put them into an orderly record if not to publish them. Elliott Roosevelt has edited the collection with painstaking thoroughness, adding a family tree, useful notes on relationships, explanations of the personalities mentioned, sometimes with biographical details, and filling in with notes on his father's life, travels, and background.

Twenty-eight of the letters are reproduced in photographs, tracing the development of the writer from his first staggering, carefully formed characters to the mature and definite hand of the Harvard undergraduate as interestingly as do the family photographs of his physical growth from the rather frail little sixteen-months child seated on his father's shoulder to the handsome young man about to graduate with the class of 1904. Numerous other photographs round out the picture of the life which the letters cover.

Franklin Roosevelt was not sent to school until he was fourteen, being taught at home by governesses and tutors until that time. Hence his letters during that period are written during illnesses, during his parents' absences abroad, or his mother's short trips away from Hyde Park. In 1896 he entered the third form of the newly-founded Groton School, and the letters from that time on are frequent. In the fall of 1900 he began his freshman year at Harvard, and in December of that same winter his father died. There are not a great many letters from the succeeding years, some possibly having been mislaid. Then, too, Mrs. Roosevelt took a house in Boston for the winter of two of these years, so there was less reason for correspondence.

—*From the book.*

F.D.R.: gentleman jockey, 1899—when his "cocky schoolboy humor [was changing] to the sophisticated undergraduate's puns."

Even were these letters not of historic importance, they would be an amusing and interesting collection, tracing as they do the development of one young human being through the years of growth, of first experience outside his very close family circle, of widening interests, and increasing independence. They reflect his early sheltered years in careful reporting of small illnesses, in rather naïvely surprised pleasure at doing well in sports. Most of all they reveal the warmth of a deeply sympathetic relationship of mother and son, of a habit of courtesy, and, as the years go by, deepening concern, all too rare in the young of any period.

Other progressions are entertaining to note; the change from rather cocky schoolboy humor to the more sophisticated undergraduate's puns; from the new third former at Groton anxiously writing home about the purchase of "a red *turtle* neck sweater" to the fashionable young Harvard man with quite an interest in suits from Brooks, hustling off in London to order himself a large wardrobe; from the little boy whose prized *Scientific Americans* were borrowed constantly to the young man beginning to pick up fine editions at Boston booksellers.

Altogether one must infer that intimations of destiny do not necessarily appear at an early age. Thousands of schoolboys must have written letters like these, a little homesick at first, gradually reflecting a growing security, pleasure at standing well in the form but making no apology for not being at the top; thousands of Harvard men must have written home of a gay social life, of newly awakened interests in public affairs, of working hard and seriously at undergraduate offices and activities. At no one point can one place a finger and say, "Here is a young man with a great future." Here, on the contrary, is someone about whom almost anything is possible.

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"Autocratrix of the U. S."

ABIGAIL ADAMS. By Janet Whitney. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 375 pp. $4.

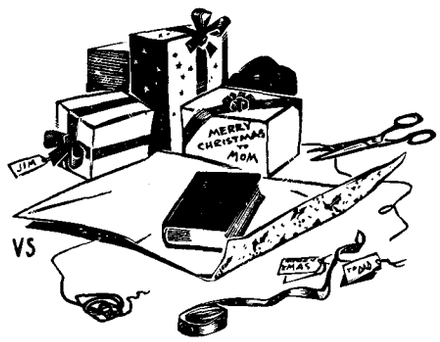
NEW LETTERS OF ABIGAIL ADAMS, 1788-1801. Edited by Stewart Mitchell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 281 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ADRIENNE KOCH

HAD the new breed of marriage consultants had a chance to study the testy temperament of our second President, John Adams, predictions for his happy mating would have leaned towards the bearish side. And if the same learned folk had taken a squint at John's fiancée, Abigail Smith, the young, markedly intellectual daughter of Puritan New England, later to be dubbed "Autocratrix of the United States," they would most likely have missed the promise of perfect companionship and loyal love that was to become the marital envy of generations of Americans.

Mrs. Whitney takes virtually the whole of this admirable marriage for the theme of her biography. From Weymouth parsonage, Abigail's home, she follows Abigail's voyage with her partner (her "dearest friend") through life—via the cities of Boston, Paris, London, Philadelphia, Washington, and back, full-circling, to Braintree and retirement in a dignified but still spirited old age.

This first full-length biography of Abigail Adams is written warmly and effectively. The author is patently and potently on John and Abigail's side in the determined roles they play on the American political scene, and she brings many new manuscript sources to round out her study of a stately pair of *énamourés*. The effectiveness of the author's portrait of Abigail among her family is partly due to the technique employed—a somewhat more sophisticated technique than the standard fictionalizing one of invented dialogue and concocted incident. As the author confides, in a closing note on historical method, she has chosen to throw into direct quote selected sentences from the letters and diaries of her notable subject. And she is therefore able to invoke the authentic spirit and language of her heroine, who was unquestionably one of the keenest women of her day in America. Fiction is resorted to generally only to supply



missing background details and for the necessary conjectured interaction between persons.

The pleasant features of this biography, however, cannot disguise the fact that a distressingly female perspective pervades the book, limiting its value for readers who are inquiring into American history. Mrs. Whitney is far too eager to force upon the not-beautiful Abigail and the not-ideally-masculine John the routine lineaments of household romance. John's complex personality must thus always appear "firm" and "masculine," his politics—repeated by Abigail with fair exactitude and more or less wit as the occasion changes—true-blue, principled, patriotic, and entirely right. Correspondingly, Abigail must be invested with all the conventional accomplishments, even if, in the summing up, they are found to be contradictory. As a result, Abigail is supposedly not only the soul of maternal and feminine, selfless solicitude, a reflexive minor deity beaming worshipfully upon her John, but she is also quick, bold, resourceful, and sometimes eccentric in her outspokenness, and independent manager of her husband's farm and estate, a forthright critic in politics, social customs, literature, and what for want of a better term we shall call the homely arts.

Nor is this quality of narrowly female perspective limited to the idealization of the author's subject. The most serious failure is the author's inability to cope with fundamental political issues and conflicts that are relevant to her biography. The genuine political differences, for example, between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson have little reality in this book. They become submerged in the author's poorly constructed version of history (based, in most cases other than that of the Adams family, on inadequate secondary

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 716)

WALTER HARD:
THE CONNECTICUT

New York papers sent a correspondent up to Brattleboro to see the large snow angel done by young Larkin Mead at the street intersections. In the words of Charles Crane, "On the wings of this angel young Mead rose to fame."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

IN THE NICK OF TIME

In the stories that make up this week's quiz there are several characters who were rescued from dire fate in the nick of time. Do you remember the stories and their authors? Allowing five points for each correct identification, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 16.

1. Just as this wealthy landowner was about to marry the plain jane he employed as a governess, a stranger popped up and stopped the wedding ceremony.
2. The last surviving leader of an Indian tribe sacrifices his life in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue the daughter of an American army officer.
3. A noted sleuth breaks open a coffin in time to rescue one of the occupants, a lady whom the villain had chloroformed.
4. Despite innumerable obstacles, this French military man made his way to England and back in time to deliver the jewels which the Queen was scheduled to wear at a ball.
5. As the heroine approached the gallows on which she was to be hanged for killing her child, her betrayer galloped up waving a commutation.
6. As a common sailor is about to be thrown into a dungeon it is disclosed that, due to a mixup on a baby farm, he is actually the captain of the ship.
7. Although impeded by endless police red-tape and stupidity, the heroine finally gets through to the authorities with her vital evidence just in time to stop the hanging of an innocent man for murder.
8. With a king dead drunk on the morning of his coronation, his cousin is persuaded to impersonate him because they look so much alike.
9. Out on a limb and pursued by an angry bear, a traveler is saved at the last moment when his companion fires three accurate arrows from a cross-bow.
10. A Spanish conquistador and his friends, about to be tortured by the Aztecs, are rescued by an Indian once befriended by the hero.

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sources) and tend to be depicted as only the malicious personal behavior of the foe or the correct and purely motivated actions of the two dearest (John-and-Abigail) friends.

In Mr. Mitchell's editing of 141 newly-discovered letters of Abigail Adams, much can be discovered about her energetic mind and personality that is only partially suggested by the selected quotations woven into Mrs. Whitney's text. Mr. Mitchell, at present the director of the Massachusetts Historical Society, presents Abigail's letters to her elder sister, Mary Cranch, for the period dating from the official launching of the American Republic to the eclipse of the Federalist Party's prestige and the ascendency of Jefferson's opposition Republican Party. Since these letters are, as Abigail observed, "first thoughts, without correction," they are valuable guides not only to that lady's soul but to the social and political history of America in all the freshness of the moment of experience. Conscientious editorial standards, realized in this book, permit readers to savor the actuality of eighteenth-century idiom and speech and to capture part of the real Abigail Adams as well. References to family scandals, it should be added, are not deleted from these letters; and even political passions (showing the strong-willed Adamses in their peppery seizures) here take their rightful place. The net result of this editorial honesty, so welcome and so overdue, is an objectivity about Abigail that is in no way detrimental to the woman whom her famous son John Quincy Adams called "the delight of my father's heart, the sweetener of all his toils, the comforter of all his sorrows, the sharer and heightener of all his joys."

One feature in Mr. Mitchell's otherwise excellent presentation of these new letters is sufficiently ambiguous to deserve comment. His brief introductory essay contains a section on "The Fall of John Adams," in the course of which the editor contrasts Burr and Hamilton, but concludes with the interesting remark that they were two peas out of one pod—each an adventurer, loyal "first and last to himself alone." Mr. Mitchell then takes the occasion to reflect that

> it is not wise to be too hasty with the presently unpopular politics of Hamilton. We who live later may live late enough at last to learn, perhaps, that possibly "your people" is "a great beast" and that government had better belong to the "rich and to the well-born."

Both the content of these remarks and the off-hand manner in which they appear in a context where they have no legitimate place, openly invite strong censure.

Fiction. *Three of this week's novels are studies in various degrees of human suffering and misery. A collection of James Farrell's short stories brings forth the dwellers in the shabby tenements his readers know so well. Frederic Morton, a young writer, presents in his novel the grim tale of what might have happened to him if he had not escaped from Vienna at the age of fourteen. Then there is a collection of brief and sharp glimpses into broken lives in a Southern city, the case histories gathered by Nedra Tyre as a social worker. The fourth novel is by that startling symbolist writer Anais Nin. Here again is her Djuna, in Paris with her familiars, busily feeding their egos on feminine men. If you would like to join a literary cult, here is your opportunity. These are books to be read but they are definitely not for Christmas cheer.*

A World All Gray

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1947. 315 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PEDEN

READERS familiar with James T. Farrell's world and its inhabitants will feel very much at home with this new collection of short narratives. Here is the mixture as before: the same character types (and in some cases the same individuals, including the ubiquitous Danny O'Neill), the same backgrounds, the same dialogue, the same themes, the same strength and weakness which have characterized most of Farrell's fiction since "Judgment Day." The present volume adds little or nothing to the author's painstaking examination of the American scene or to his stature as a writer.

If anything gives these stories cohesiveness, it is the bewilderment and despair of Farrell's protagonists. The lives of all men, comments one of them, are "miserable things." "Nobody," reflects another, "likes their work." Life is a slow "journey to senility," concludes a third. The American scene, as Farrell depicts it, is a jungle of doubts, fears, and disappointments. Slatterns drag their creaking bones along dimly-lit streets. Sensitive youths dream in boyhood and are disillusioned in manhood. Love turns to ashes, and hope to gloom. The individual disintegrates in an atmosphere of spiritual poverty and economic injustice.

Farrell is at his best when he depicts isolated incidents from these gray lives. Willie Collins, a smalltime political hanger-on who vainly hopes to become one of the "little chiefs who made the wheels turn"; Olsen, a service station superviser who goes berserk and prays that the bolsheviks will blow up the works; frustrated Father Kranz, who turns upon his pupils in a wild, sadistic eruption; lecherous schoolboys, petty chiselers, broken-down athletes — these victims of what Farrell considers the disease of modern American life save, by their vitality and reality, many a story otherwise weakened by repetition, formlessness, and a frozen seriousness.

Farrell is less successful when he ignores the fact that one of the first obligations of a story-teller—regardless of how vital and important his ideas and/or message may be — is to tell some kind of story. "Scrambled Eggs and Toast," "The Dialectic," "The Philosopher," "A Love Story of Our Time," and others are little more than rather painful vehicles for presenting the author's social, political, and moral beliefs. Neither fish nor flesh, they fail both as narratives and as polemics.

As a sincere admirer of much of Farrell's work, this reviewer can only hope that many of these stories were written several years ago. After a fine novel like "Bernard Clare" and some first-rate stories in "When Boyhood Dreams Come True," this collection is, at best, disappointing.

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Shadow Dance

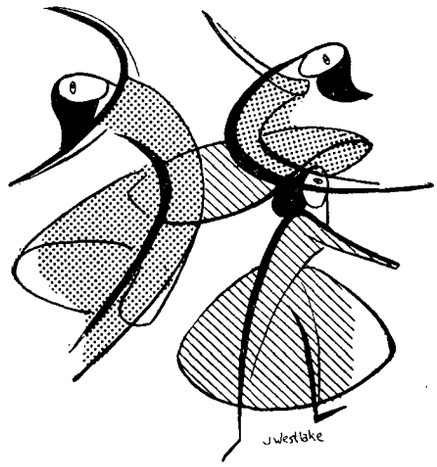
CHILDREN OF THE ALBATROSS. By Anais Nin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 181 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

WITH the ear and eye of the symbolist poet, Anais Nin continues to add still another part to her tapestry on the interior journeys of the young. Although she is vitally concerned with the problems of youth, the hungers, fears, and dreams, the formulated and unformulated desires of adolescence, it is that vast territory of the unconscious we find ourselves wandering in when we read Miss Nin's books.

Miss Nin knows best where her luminous prose will cast the most clarity. She has chosen the dark labyrinthine passageways of the interior, that region of light and shadow in which her characters dance back and forth, enacting the anguish, the ecstasy, and sometimes the death of the spirit, as they dodge the obstacles in their path. Here, those tenuous threads of human relationships, which break if pulled too taut, are exposed now and then, but not with the scalpel or the psychoanalyst's hypnotic scrutiny.

Djuna, the dancer, has danced her way out of an orphan asylum and poverty into a world of artists who are sensitive, restless, in perpetual flight like herself. Djuna now lives in a big house in Paris as she has always wanted, but her house represents to her a many-faceted symbol of herself. Brightly lit, with its windows inviting those outside to share its various moods, her house contains one darkened, locked room. To Djuna the sealed room is her childhood fear, the tyranny of her father, the memory of that awful moment when the father deserted Djuna the child. Desertion by her father has become for her a justification for searching out man the child as opposed to man the father. It throws her into the arms of the adolescent Paul with his waking



passions; it is ever drawing her into the company of elusive Michaels and their pettish, selfish Donalds. She is able to communicate with these feminine men, however, through words whose enchantment somehow spreads beyond and above the boundaries of sensuality.

One by one we meet the others in Djuna's circle of friends, and we leave these "children of the Albatross" sitting in a Montmartre cafe, "living their lives in an intensity as extreme as their brilliant colors and their vivid songs." Soon they will take flight again, searching for new horizons to challenge their egos. But not Djuna—she walks back alone, now that her lover has gone, into the hushed cities of the interior where the dream is the only reality.

Anais Nin's choice of words as symbols of the emotions and sensations of her characters is somewhat lost on the reader who is impatient to get on with the story. However, anyone who tries reading her prose aloud will be sure to recognize the fluted tones of her symbolical language, even when one is not at all sure what Miss Nin is actually driving at. In revealing to us the rhythms of the poet, she displays a cascade of sounds which all but crowd out of our heads the demand that her words should at all times have meaning. There are apt to be readers who will find Miss Nin's book too luxuriant or exotic for their tastes. Naturally, since Miss Nin has obviously chosen to transmute the psychological and emotional problems which impregnate our daily lives into a shadow dance of the reality and the dream, we cannot expect conventional flesh and blood people in her book. We must be content with her figures made of papier mâché, her studied grouping of brightly dressed puppets in a charade. Nor are they any less strange because they are transparent and we can read their thoughts. Still, such a work exacts frequently more attention than the casual reader cares to give to a book. And yet, do we complain when we have to fill in so much that is left out for us at the ballet? Are we not awed by the grace and agility with which the dancers go through their breathtaking gyrations, pirouettes, and long-range leaps?

Anais Nin might as well have been writing about the effect that her own book would have on some of her readers when she wrote the following passage: "People came and submitted to her spell, but like all spells it was wonderful and remote. Not warm and near. No human being, they thought, made this house, no human being lived here. It was too fragile and too unfamiliar."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 2. "The Last of the Mohicans," by James Fenimore Cooper. 3. "The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax," by Conan Doyle. 4. "The Three Musketeers," by Alexandre Dumas. 5. "Adam Bede," by George Eliot. 6. "H. M. S. Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert. 7. "Rage in Heaven," by James Hilton. 8. "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope. 9. "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade. 10. "Captain from Castile," by Samuel Shellabarger.

Doomed Youth

THE HOUND. By Frederic Morton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 257 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

WHILE most émigré authors have to depend on their translators, and those who feel they need not go through Herculean labors in the never-ending struggle with their adopted language, a new generation of foreign-born writers has grown up—mere children at the time of their imigration — to whom the English tongue in all its profusion has come with natural ease. Among some other remarkable features of this first novel, its language is one of the most startling. It is almost as if the young Vienna-born author who wrote it (and won with it this year's Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship Award) could not get enough of moving and roaming about in the newly-conquered realm, exploring its every recess, utilizing its every power. Quite evidently, Mr. Morton is enamored of the English language. Like all *amorosi*, he sometimes becomes deficient in selective judgment, and lacks self-restraint and discipline. But who could, who would ask for these qualities in a man of twenty-two?

His story, then, is about a young countryman of his, the only son of a wealthy patrician judge (incidentally, did Mr. Morton know any wealthy Austrian judge?), his sheltered childhood in a father-dominated household, his education to snobbish self-sufficiency, callousness, and boundless egotism, the emotional and physical adventures of his adolescence, his career amidst a radicalized, decaying society, and his destruction by the

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powers that be—the time is 1939—at the very moment when he sees the light. Or rather, it is his impending destruction that shows him the light—the force of love, discarded, in fact never tried before in his whole manner of thought and existence. "Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?"—to put it in the words of Francis Thompson, whose "Hound of Heaven" has given Mr. Morton's book its title.

Despite its almost religious ending, it is a pessimistic story. I wonder whether its preconceived plan did not blur a little the author's view. As it is, he barely missed—but missed just the same—a great character study of those Central European upper-class youngsters of the between-war period whose moral coldness had as big a share in the ascendency of Nazism as the frenzied bitterness of their pauperized contemporaries.

Even so, a shadow of Julien Sorel sometimes scurries across a page of Mr. Morton's offering—not more than the slightest of shadows, to be sure, but that is a lot to be said for a first novel.

Mr. Morton was all of fourteen when he had to leave Vienna. Thus his background material is not always accurate. It has throughout the distorted measurements of a crowded dream. But since the whole story is told in the mind of the hero as he is being shipped to his death, that dream-like quality is all to the good.

In short, here is an interesting book. And what's more, here is an interesting young novelist. He will shed his mannerisms, discipline his talent, and learn that disorder must not necessarily be presented through disorder, nor complexity through over-eloquent abundance. Whether he will free himself of his pessimism—a pessimism which may seem incomprehensible to American-born people of his age—that, I suspect, will largely depend on the times he will have to live through. "Yea, faileth now even dream the dreamer, and the lute the lutanist. . . ."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 235

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 235 will be found in the next issue.

GJPV OIH LBOIHOG ODV KRV

QVLK LTVVKVIVDL JX KVO.

—RVIDU XYVGHYIW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 234

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us or we find it not.
R. EMERSON.

—*Sunami.*

Anais Nin has "the ear and eye of the symbolist poet." **"Frederic Morton is enamored of the English language."** **Nedra Tyre "has subjected experience to editing."**

On Relief

RED WINE FIRST. By Nedra Tyre. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1947. 208 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN D. WEAVER

AS a social worker in the South, Nedra Tyre has listened for years to the voices of the hungry, the ill, and the aged, but in recording twenty-five of these voices in "Red Wine First," she is not just a case-worker making a book from her files. She is a writer—and a writer of remarkable ability. She has, quite naturally, drawn from the familiar material of her everyday work, but she has subjected her experience to the imaginative editing of her exceptional literary talent. Because she is first of all a writer, rather than a case-worker, she can present human misery without making human beings seem miserable.

A tubercular truck driver, a religious fanatic, a mad woman plagued by fantasy fiends, each tells his story in monologue form. Some speak with bitterness, some with despair, some with humor; and, because an author of great warmth and understanding has put their words down in her own way, there is meaning in what they say. A woman whose son has been hanged for killing his father tells of the twisted lives of the family, and ends by saying, "I couldn't cry none when they hung him, looked to me like they was killin' somebody that had been dead all his life."

With equal ease, Miss Tyre writes with high humor of a woman who, to the dismay of her spinster case-worker, has romped through five husbands and is now working on her sixth. In "We Written the Guvnor" what seems to be a light story of neighborhood malice ends with a body-blow. Two women on relief are shocked to see a neighbor, also on relief, sporting new rayon underwear which she has hung on her backyard clothesline. They feel it is their duty to write to the Governor about this shameful extravagance, and together they set about the difficult task of spelling out the words. Later, the neighbor clears up the mystery:

> That underwear belonged to my sister that died last week. Her husband wanted me to have it. I'm sorry if my dead sister's underclothes have caused you all any worry. I washed them and sold them to a second-hand store. I would have liked to keep them but my sister would have wanted me to have the food I needed.

"Red Wine First" crowds an amazing variety of stories into its 208 pages. There is a romantic love story, a macabre account of the grotesque ending of a Mr. Clemens, a picaresque narrative, a brief and shocking account of a client's first humiliating visit to a relief agency. Not all of the chapters are completely successful, and at times the author's alert ear for Southern speech fails her, notably when she slips into an occasional phonetic spelling such as "wimmen," which might have been caught in the editing. But at least ten of the chapters are extraordinary pieces of work, and none is without interest. These are human voices blended into a powerful and moving chorus, whose theme was eloquently stated by Sean O'Casey: "Red wine first, Jessie, to the passion and the power and the pain of life; and then a drink of white wine to the melody that is in them all."

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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Good Day

JOHN HERSEY, terminating a month's stint as substitute weekday reviewer for vacationing Lewis Gannett of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and apparently not a bit unhappy about the termination, presented by way of swan-song an all-too-short summation of his career as a literary critic.

Mr. Hersey picked a bad month, or Mr. Gannett a good one—November. On the other hand, Mr. Hersey may have felt right at home, for the experience must have seemed like a renewal of hostilities. Books came banging at him from front, rear, and both flanks—281 of them all told. There was no armistice *that* November. On his best, or worst, day as a book correspondent, thirty-seven were published.

This (and the statistics from here on are not Mr. Hersey's) was at the rate of 1.54 an hour—computed, that is, on a twenty-four-hour day, which is palpably unfair to all concerned. Most publishing offices have a seven-hour day (exclusive of luncheon periods, during which business is occasionally transacted), and on that basis the figure skyrockets to 5.29 books an hour. Allowing two hundred pages a book (certainly a sub-marginal minimum), the thing works out at 1,057 pages an hour, or 17.62 a minute. Whatever publishers may expect, nobody can read that fast.

The present commentator has deliberately restrained himself from looking up the specific calendar identity of Mr. Hersey's blue Monday, or black Friday, or the titles of the thirty-seven books pitched into the hopper. Let the dead past bury its dead. It may be in order, however, without citing titles, or eliciting comparisons that would inevitably be odious, to attempt to draw a moral. The job need not be postponed: thirty-seven books are too darned many books to get published in one day. Even if the group happened to include "Hamlet," "Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Jones," "Walden," "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "Huckleberry Finn," and thirty comparable others, thirty-seven would still be too many. If the thirty-seven really had all been that good, then something conceivably not so good, or preferably several somethings, scheduled for another date, should have given way to make room for them—or never have been published at all.

In fairness to the unidentified thirty-seven, it must be pointed out that probably not all were regarded by their publishers as marked for certain immortality. The mere transmutation of a manuscript into type, and the investiture of the printed pages in hard covers, do not of themselves imply that the product is a failure if it does not remain in print forever. A book can be as enjoyable, as beneficial, and as transitory as a filet mignon and still be worth publishing.

Publishers, of course, do not conduct their affairs altogether on that diaphanous pattern—at least they try not to, though frequently the matter is taken out of their hands. But the public extrusion of thirty-seven books in one day would seem, to the lay observer, and perhaps even to the professional, to be an invitation to transitoriness—to a short life, and a not particularly merry one. The waste-paper market is still brisk, but there ought to be some less roundabout method of meeting its requirements. On the face of it, the choice of the particular day which Mr. Hersey cites could hardly have been collusive. Publishing is a competitive enterprise, but there is no need to turn it into a massacre.

Behind the publisher (too closely behind for the comfort of either, possibly) pants the author, an ominous or perhaps only a rather wistful shape. This is the successful author, mind, the one who gets published—he may have been last and least on the fateful roster of thirty-seven, but the fact that he is there at all proves that he has arrived. Behind the successful, or at least published, author hovers the army of the unsuccessful and unpublished, and, alas, forever unpublishable — the host who have written neither wisely nor well. How strong an army? Well, pretty strong, numbers alone considered, but not well drilled, not well equipped, probably not well fed. A leading publisher is making legitimate capital of his discovery of "a true find" among unsolicited manuscripts "for the first time in seven years and ten thousand readings." Of the thirty-seven-in-a-day authors, the majority, probably all but one or two, were solicited, cajoled, flattered, plied with black coffee. How much time thousands of our compatriots must be wasting in writing stuff that can never hope to win its way into print! Is it any wonder that we are having to wait for automobiles and that oil heaters are having to wait for oil, that we do not process enough iron or grow enough wheat, that there is a shortage of nurses but not of patients? Produce, produce! Yes, by all means—but not, heaven forfend, words on paper. Not unless the words are worth publishing at the rate of a few hundred thousand a day, not a few million.

These are not pleasant thoughts for a year's end, but then it has not been a pleasant year. Let us suspend judgment, but not by the thumbs. The present commentator, if he thinks of it, and if he is still available, will look up Mr. Hersey's thirty-seven five years from now and report on how many of them are still around.

J. T. W.

Subway After Midnight

By Kate Brackett

THIS is the sleepy hour, the friendly ride.
Settle and stretch! Warm languor's creeping tide
Will cushion any corner's poverty.
Love finds the climate mild, and timidly
Peers out. These people are my friends, I think!
One lad has had a lot too much to drink:
A smile runs round the car. They call him brother.
The lovers cling, so lost, so all-engrossed,
Almost we see them as they see each other;
Almost can hear the panpipes and the tabors,
And weep for them. Almost . . . almost—
Before the all-out stop—can love our neighbors.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pretty, But Inexact

SIR: Marchette Chute's letter to you [*SRL* Nov. 8] concludes with a pretty but inexact statement: ". . . at high noon a giant's shadow is no longer than any other man's." This is a common misconception, that the sun is in the zenith at noon. You might take a look, sometime. Just now, on West 45th St., the sun at noon misses the zenith by almost sixty degrees, and a giant's shadow will be considerably longer than Marchette Chute's, or mine. Only giant-shadows between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, on selected days, are discounted as Marchette Chute would have them.

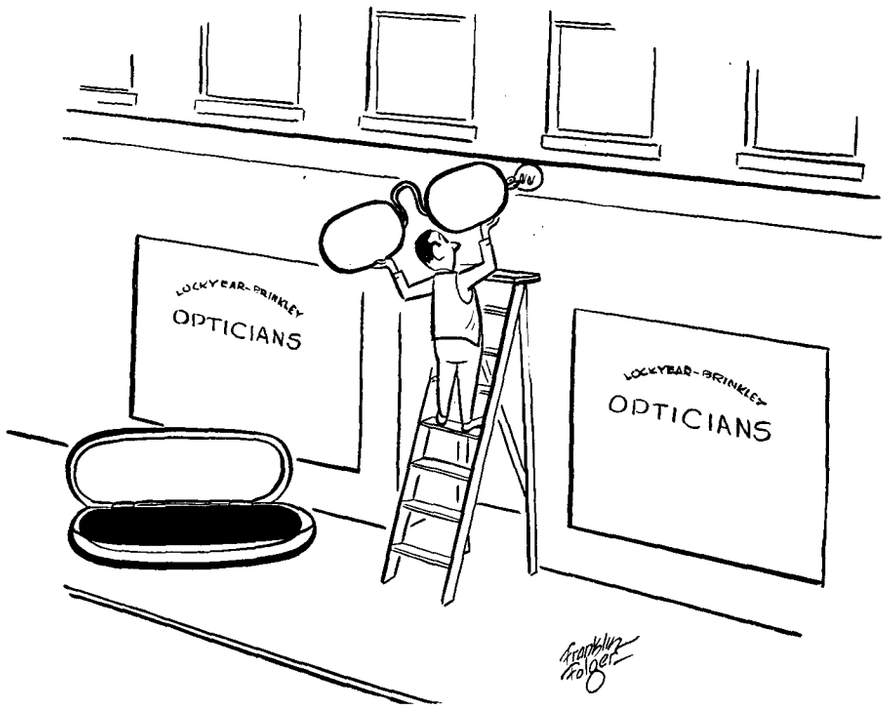
DR. ROY K. MARSHALL, Director
The Fels Planetarium of
The Franklin Institute.
Philadelphia, Pa.

First with Atomic Story

SIR: In his comment [*SRL* Nov. 22] on the article "Newspapers and the Bomb" by the nine Nieman Fellows, John J. O'Neill makes a series of assertions, presented by him as "facts," which, as the printed record shows, are based in their entirety on pure fancies.

He claims that his article ("Enter Atomic Power") was published in *Harper's* "as the lead feature in the May 1940 issue." The fact is the article appeared in the *June* 1940 issue. He states: "Mr. Laurence published his story in *The New York Times* on the day *following* that in which *Harper's* appeared on the newsstands." My article, in which I told for the first time that the Nazis were concentrating major efforts on the atomic bomb, was published on page one of the *Times* on May 5, 1940. The *June* issue of *Harper's* appeared on the newsstands on May 20, 1940, a fact corroborated by Frederick Lewis Allen, who kindly gave me permission to quote him to this effect.

"Early in February 1940," O'Neill states, "I secured an exclusive story on the release of atomic energy from uranium 235," to which he adds that "in those days readers had not heard about uranium 235 and uranium 238, fissioning of atoms and slow neutrons." The fact is, as everybody knows, that the story of fission was first published late in January 1939. Tom Henry of the *Washington Star*, and Bob Potter, then with Science Service, were the first to get the story at a meeting of physicists at George Washington University, where Niels Bohr and Enrico Fermi announced it unexpectedly. I wrote my first story on uranium fission on January 31, 1939, which appeared on page 23 of that date under the headline "Vast Energy Freed by Uranium Atom." On May 5, 1939, exactly a year before my seven-column story, I wrote another report for the *Times*, "New Key Found to Atomic Energy" (p. 25), in which I described the fission of uranium 235 by slow neutrons, as well as the possibility of a chain reaction. It is therefore absurd to claim that in February 1940 "readers had not heard about uranium 235, fissioning of atoms and slow neutrons." In fact, slow neutrons had been written about in the newspapers as early as 1936, if not earlier.



The only new development in nuclear fission in 1940 was the isolation of about a billionth of a gram of uranium 235, with which it was established *experimentally* that uranium 235, and not uranium 238, was the fissionable element. This was published in the March 15, 1940, issue of *The Physical Review*, copies of which were made available to all science writers on the same day. The release date for that story was March 28. Thus Mr. O'Neill did not obtain his story "early in February," nor was it "exclusive," nor was it obtained by him "three months before Mr. Laurence published his."

As a matter of fact, the announcement in *The Physical Review* merely corroborated experimentally what had already been widely accepted among the scientists on theoretical grounds and had already been given wide publicity in the newspapers a year earlier. It therefore was no longer "news" and thus was not worth a five-and-a-half-column story at a time when the world was facing the greatest crisis in its history. It must be remembered that the sample of U235 was isolated at a rate that would have taken 12,000,000 years to produce one pound, so that atomic power was very far off in the dim future. No wonder the editors of the *Herald Tribune*, with a world war on their hands, failed to stop the presses.

What made the story the big news of the immediate moment, news that fitted so well into the war picture that my editors regarded it as worth a seven-column page-one story, was the tremendous fact, unearthed by me after several months of "digging," that the Nazis had established a special institute in Berlin, to which they had assigned 200 of their top scientists for the sole purpose of developing an atomic bomb and an atomic fuel with which to achieve their design for world domination. It was this world-shaking fact that impelled Albert Einstein to write his historic letter to President Roosevelt which started the chain reaction that led to the atomic bomb, as the world now knows. It was this that led the scientists to go underground and employ their energies to the development of the greatest destructive weapon that now threatens to destroy civilization. I had no knowledge of the Einstein letter until I joined the Manhattan District, but, as Drs. Fermi, Compton, Lawrence, and many others can testify, I carried on a private campaign of my own along similar lines. As part of this campaign I wrote the seven-column story for the *Times* and the article, "The Atom Gives Up," for *The Saturday Evening Post*, issue of Sept. 7, 1940. Further facts are presented in my book "Dawn Over Zero: The Story of the Atomic Bomb," second edition, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1947.

WILLIAM L. LAURENCE.
New York, N. Y.

Who Insists on Tripe?

SIR: As a young and unpublished writer who has struggled with the same moral conflict as the author of "Tripe, Inc.," [*SRL* Nov. 22] I'd like to pass along a word or three.

The question raised is much the same as that once put in a psychology lecture by a former professor of mine: "Do you want people to like you, or do you want to be yourself?"

It is also—a point which the Anonymous Opiate Eater seems to have missed—the crucial problem of ordinary human beings in our time, as well as that of writers, brought

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into excruciating focus by the false nature of our goals. All men with a soul face the question "How much of *myself* will I sell to survive?"

Who *is* it, anyhow, that insists you *have* to give the public what it wants? This attitude, which unfortunately dominates many editors, is among the major contributing factors to the present period of moral and intellectual regression. It is a reason why values are floating like small globules of fat atop a watery soup of expediency and commercialism, instead of composing the basis of a rich and vital broth.

ROBERT WRONKER.

New York, N. Y.

Relieved of Life

SIR: I note with increasing irritation the tendency of irresponsible newswriters and magazine hacks to employ the term "gave his life for his country" (the "c" is often capitalized) in commenting on some person who was killed in the recent war. This insidious euphemism takes on a rather colorful and bizarre aspect when used in a story or article on the return of the bodies of those killed overseas.

So that language may move a little way toward expressing what actually is, I suggest two alternatives for the phrase: either "lost his life," as one might accidentally leave his wallet in the subway or step on a mine, or "was relieved of his life," as one might have his pocket picked or have been ordered into a ridiculous tactical position to enhance someone's reputation.

If anyone, friend or relation of one of these generous persons who "gave" his life will furnish me with witnessed and documented evidence of the man's intention and subsequent action, I shall recant with sincere apology.

PAUL FUSSELL, JR.

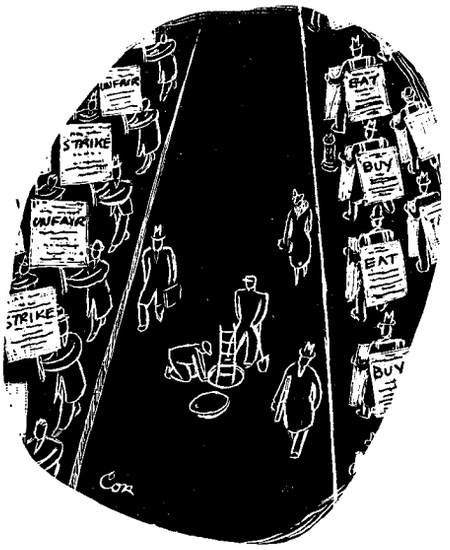
Cambridge, Mass.

Steinbeck on One Plane

SIR: Maxwell Geismar shows himself oblivious of the artistic medium by which John Steinbeck transmits his meaning in "The Pearl"—namely, his symbology. Louis MacNiece in a recent article [*SRL* Nov. 22] speaks of "the one-plane method" as distinguished from the "two-plane" or symbolic method of writing. The former method is "reportage which calls itself realism." In the symbolic style "there is more than meets the eye, and few pointers to it." Geismar is judging Steinbeck on only a one-plane basis, whereas, from the beginning, Steinbeck has been communicating on two or more planes.

In "The Pearl" there are three planes: the literal, the symbolic, and the musical. As for the third, it is for the first time used by Steinbeck to show how illiterates can reason through feeling—in this case the feeling takes the form of different, inwardly heard songs: "the song of the family": "the song of the enemy," etc. It is effective if one can hear the music. It reminds one of Silone's phrase "the language of the heart" spoken by his sensitive, though illiterate, peasants.

Geismar objects that "The Pearl" is a "black and white story"—that is, all the white people in the story are black morally, and all the black folk



conversely white; or so Geismar thinks. Actually this is mistaken. For Steinbeck shows that when his protagonist Kino finds "The Pearl" (of the world) not only do the white doctor and priest attempt to chisel a share of his wealth, but also Kino's native neighbors turn on him with greed, try to rob him, and leave him friendless. This is not Negro-loving as Geismar implies.

Geismar says Steinbeck regards his characters more as animals than as men with emotions. To this one must answer that if Kino's motivations and emotions are animalisms then let us give back the world to the monkeys. If family love, father-husband protectiveness, hatred of exploitation, and initiative-fortitude to find a better life are no longer representative human characteristics then perhaps Steinbeck's Indians can teach us all how to live. Perhaps Mr. Geismar unknowingly has put his finger on the crux of modern-man's dilemma.

E. WHITNEY TARR.

Brookline, Mass.

Fantastic Inconsistencies

SIR: It is high time Americans examined the fantastic inconsistencies of Philip Wylie. The October issue of *Cosmopolitan* contains his article "Americans Hate Children," in which he writes that "if we had been a people who really loved and lived for our children . . . we would have swiftly seen the tyrant in Hitler—the greatest of all menaces to the future—and soon have struck him down."

Why, then, did Philip Wylie write "An Essay on Morals," which is based on the theories of Dr. Carl Jung, the Nazi collaborationist who warned America that opposing Hitler could end only in catastrophe for us?

Mr. Wylie criticizes "America's child Dachaus." Why, then did he attempt to popularize in America the theories of Dr. Carl Jung, the Swiss psychiatrist who made excuses for the Nazi concentration camps?

Mr. Wylie declares that the American teacher "is less an agent of enlightenment than of propaganda for whatever myths and manias are locally in vogue." What about Mr. Wylie's excuses for Dr. Carl Jung, who advised Germans to forsake Christianity and return to the worship of Wotan, with all the accompanying "myths and manias"?

Where does Mr. Wylie get the inspiration to denounce "hate" when he has written a book based on the theories of Dr. Carl Jung, who voluntarily took over the editorship of a Nazi-operated "scientific" journal, wrote anti-Semitic articles, and helped spread the gospel of "Mein Kampf"?

One could continue *ad nauseam.*

ANTHONY J. CASTINA.

Flushing, N. Y.

SIR: A fitting reply to Philip Wylie's claims for Dr. Carl Jung appears in "Natural History of Nonsense" (publisher, Alfred Knopf). The author, Professor Bergen Evans of Northwestern University, came to these conclusions:

> Irrationality must come close to being the largest single vested interest in the world. . . . Obscurantism and tyranny go together as naturally as skepticism and democracy. It is very convenient for anyone who profits by the docility of the masses to have them believe they are not the masters of their fate and that the evils they must endure are beyond human control. . . . The mist of mysticism has always provided good cover for those who do not want their actions too closely looked into.

Philip Wylie is working with the synthetic psychology designed by the opportunistic Carl Jung. They are not strange bedfellows. Eventually Wylie might ask himself, "What price Jungianism?"

SANFORD ARCHIBALD.

New York, N. Y.

Peace Hath Her Defeats

SIR: Events of recent months recall the famous lines written by John Milton nearly three hundred years ago:

> . . . yet much remains
> To conquer still; peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war, new foes arise
> Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains. . . .

Milton might have added that peace has also her defeats.

RICHARD ARMOUR.

Scripps College,
Claremont, Calif.

Sharp Correctives Needed

SIR: Wanted: clever word detective to address a sharp corrective message, suitably invective, to those mentally defective guys who use the word "subjective" in a matter non-selective and completely irrespective of its sense.

EDITH GARFIELD BLANCHARD.

Tuckahoe, N. Y.

No Octogenarian!

SIR: Please! "Margaret Cole, one of the original Fabian Socialists. . . ." The Fabian Society was formed in 1884. It is true that I am not as young as I was, but I am not quite that withered. Even Sidney Webb was also a founder member of the society; and I am only its honorary secretary since its revival in 1939.

MARGARET COLE.

Great Neck, N. Y.

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Strictly Personal

THE SOVEREIGN PEN

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES in his review of my book "Literature and Morality" [*SRL* Sept. 6] describes me as demanding of art "that it shall be sociologically and psychologically righteous." "Sociological righteousness" seems to be derivable from what he calls "the 'truthful' theory of 'realism,' the reform theory . . . that makes the ultimate question of a work of art: what is its immediate utility as an aid to social change . . . ?" Unless a writer adheres to whatever this theory is, it would seem that he is immoral. Psychological "righteousness" seems to be traceable to the fact that I consider writing to be "a feverish, activist affair." For instance, in an essay titled "Notes for a New Literary Controversy," I answered Stalinist writers of the *New Masses* who claimed that they had problems of conscience, because they did not know whether they should write novels to conform to the tactical needs of the Communist Party, or else novels that would be "art." I proposed that they make up their minds. I also pointed out that when a writer has personal contradictions to resolve, he should struggle through them: and I emphasized what is obvious to all literary artists, namely, the fact that creative writing involves self-discovery. This all seems to be "psychologically righteous" and rather dangerous.

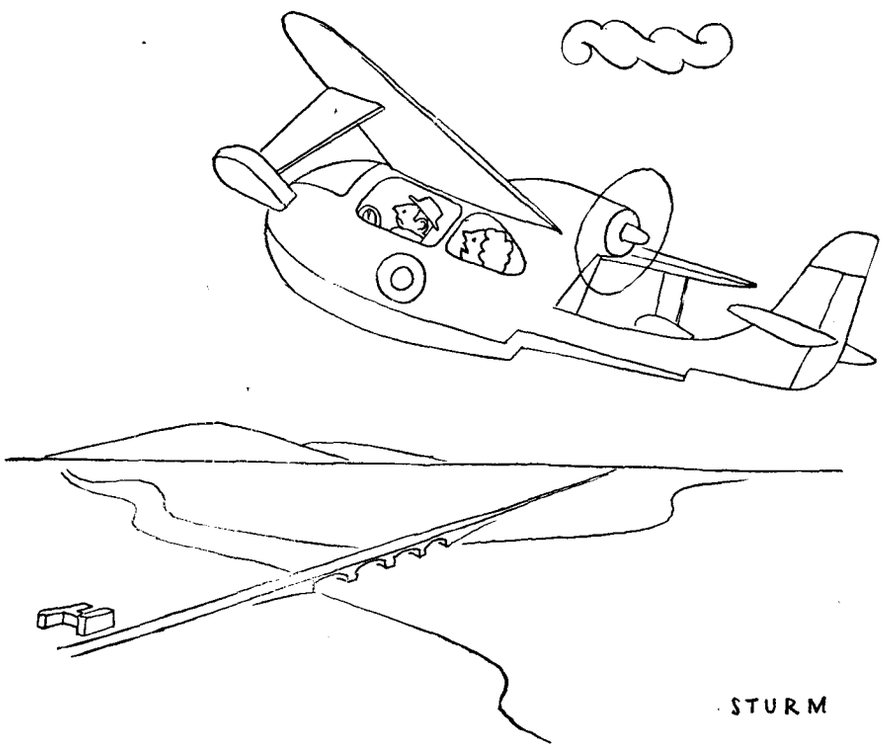
There is a contradiction between sociological righteousness which demands that works of art be immediately useful in reforming the world, and "psychological righteousness" which stresses self-discovery. Mr. Jones takes care of this contradiction. Just like that. I have two natures, that of "the indignant reformer" and that of the "sensitive artist who knows that literature is not a mirror . . . held up to society in order that society may go wash its dirty face." With such elegance of diction, Mr. Jones, who doesn't know me, says that I have a split personality.

And now what is wrong with these presumed views and principles of mine? Although I did not write about Jane Austen, Dryden, Virgil, and Boccaccio, it seems that I leave out so much that I leave out room for their work. Listen to this refutation of my "sociological righteousness": ". . . it has no place for Boccaccio, even though Balzac was a reactionary . . ." This suggests the caliber of thought which Mr. Jones applies to my writing. I write about the pseudo-problems of conscience of *New Masses* writers. Mr. Jones answers by saying that I failed to take Jane Austen, Dryden, Virgil, and Boccaccio into account. And then my work leads him to ask the rather incisive question— ". . . is there no place for humor, charm, and grace?" And so, I have morbid and neurasthenic views, which makes Mr. Jones "shudder." But he has the answer to this morbidity. Goethe was serene—that is, after a youthful period of storm: Goethe did not operate in the early part of the nineteenth century according to principles I explained to Stalinist writers in 1946. But do you know what happened, even though Goethe didn't operate according to what I wrote after he had died? Guess what? Goethe became "the wisest literary mind of the nineteenth century." Considering this profundity, is anyone going to be surprised when they learn that Mr. Jones "is not persuaded" by my diagnosis?

For the writer, I stress freedom. I emphasize that the writer should be independent, that he should be sovereign over what he wants to write. Politically, in so far as politics comes into my book, I emphasize social justice. And this is turned by Mr. Jones into a welter of righteousness. He cannot describe what I say without relying on words which have a Calvinist association, words which are not my own. After reading his account of my views, one could think that I were a resurrection of the ghosts of Michael Wigglesworth and Savonarola. And then, to cap the climax, he needlessly introduces himself into his review. In his final paragraph, he warns the reader that, according to my point of view, he "is . . . open to the charge of being a sinful member of the bourgeoisie." Where did I ever say that it is a "sin" to be a "bourgeois"? I nowhere deal with Mr. Jones as "sinful." Why does he need to write like a man defending himself? Who is attacking him? Why his irrelevancies about Goethe and Boccaccio and "the melancholy serenity" of Virgil? And why does he need to warn readers that he is trying to be fair. In one place, and without necessity, he writes: ". . . I have tried to state what I conceive to be the heart of his [my] position." His last paragraph begins with the words: "I wish most emphatically to be just to Mr. Farrell . . ." There is an air of too much self-protesting in this review. Self-protest and irrelevancy do not constitute valid argument and refutation.

It would be a waste of the readers' time for me to go into great detail

(*Continued on page* 28)



". . . Climb a little faster, Howard. What's your air speed? You're off your compass course by two points! Are your wheels up? . . .

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Seeing Things

O EASTERN STAR!

THAT Cleopatra triumphed over Antony was not news even to Plutarch. But that Katharine Cornell has triumphed over Cleopatra* is news—and exciting news—to anyone aware of how stubbornly one of the most glorious of Shakespeare's tragedies has resisted performance behind the footlights.

The difficulties of the play from the theatrical point of view are as plentiful as its wonders are self-evident to the reader. Its characters are most sovereign creatures. Their legs bestride the ocean. Kings wear their livery. The ancient world is the tragedy's stage. It sweeps from Alexandria and Rome to Actium and back again with the freedom of a poet's unfettered mind. Its range is global. It moves by land as swiftly as it darts with ships "o'er green Neptune's back." Its images are grandiose. Their scale is heroic. They envisage men as demi-Atlases and triple-pillars of the earth, and dare to reach skyward to the spheres, the sun, and the visiting moon.

The themes interwoven by Shakespeare are many and complex. They are as varied as the moods; as changeable as the inundating beauties of the verse. Although they include the turncoat's dilemma, the loyalty of a young soldier to his fallen general, the rivalries of leadership, and pride of Romans who stalked the earth as toga'd fascists, lust is the tragedy's major concern. This lust is more than the hot, destroying desire which has driven Antony to kiss away kingdoms and provinces for Cleopatra. It is also the lust for power which finds Octavius, Lepidus, Pompey, and Antony incessantly at war.

The play's politics are part of its passion. The echo raised by the heartbeats of the lovers is the drumbeat of moving armies. The two create a plural melody, providing an emotional counterpoint as continuous as it is essential. The measure of Antony's love is the empire he was willing to lose because of it. His having done much is a vital part of his being undone. Denied his preeminence as a leader, the tragedy of his being misled by a woman would have been no more than a single doom. A moiety of the world would not have been involved.

You will not, you could not, find "Antony and Cleopatra" in a volume called "Three Plays for Puritans." But you will find "Caesar and Cleopatra" there. That is a difference, and a significant one, not only between the two dramas about Egypt's Queen but between Shaw and Shakespeare.

Never in the long history of dramatic literature have the agonies and ecstasies of sexual infatuation been so gloriously orchestrated as they were by Shakespeare in his study of the mature Cleopatra and her doting Antony. The verses leap like flames from the hearts of this man and woman who are the survivors of many gaudy nights. Their passion is a sickness which destroys them. They are weakened by its fever, helpless against its heat.

To those of us who are not Puritans the magnificence of Shakespeare's drama of desire is beyond challenge. But not to Shaw. Most emphatically, not to him. His point of view is not one which, fortunately, any of us lesser, meat-fed mortals are apt to share. As a Puritan, Shaw was scandalized by "Antony and Cleopatra." As a vegetarian, he was apparently shocked by its animalism. As an intellectual and a prophet, contemptuous of physical passion and admitting only moral passion, the warmth of Shakespeare's text left him cold. He was mortified by the tragedy's flesh. To him it represented no more than "folly gone mad erotically." As a believer in minds sharpened by thinking, he despised Shakespeare's picture of lips quickened by kissing. Accordingly, when Shaw came to write his own play—a fine one—about the young Cleopatra and a truly mighty Julius, he dismissed Shakespeare's tragedy as "intolerable."

He granted that Shakespeare had painted a faithful portrait of a soldier broken down by debauchery. He admitted that he had been no less successful in creating the typical wanton in whose arms such men perish. But Shaw, the rationalist, could not forgive Shakespeare, the romantic, for having strained "all his huge command of rhetoric and stage pathos to give a theatrical sublimity to the wretched end of the business."

—*Vandamm*

"Although Cleopatra may have overrun Antony's body, a segment of his captain's heart remains his own."

Instead of rejoicing in the wonders of the final speeches, Shaw resented them. He accused Shakespeare of covering our eyes with the undertaker's handkerchief, duly onioned (as he put it) with pathetic phrases. "The very name of Cleopatra," snarled Shaw, "suggests at once a tragedy of Circe, with the horrible difference that whereas the ancient myth rightly represents Circe as turning heroes into hogs, the modern romantic convention would represent her as turning hogs into heroes."

The truth is that the very same Shaw, who did not object to Shakespeare's having made a tragedy out of ambition in the case of "Macbeth," jealousy in "Othello," and indecision in "Hamlet," was outraged (or at least pretended to be outraged) by Shakespeare's employment of sexual infatuation as a tragic theme. His insistence was that such infatuation could be effective only if approached in the comic spirit.

BY advancing such a contention even in jest, Shaw was for the moment not only divorcing himself gaily from the rest of the human race, but was being misled by his Puritanism into one of his most indefensible perversities. A Puritan of Shaw's pretensions does not necessarily have to believe in the stork. Yet he is apt to look upon sex as at best a necessary evil. With reluctance he must grant that it is the only earthly means by which the number of possible Puritans can be increased. Its pleasures, however, win his frowns, not his sympathy. His attempt to laugh off the whole business as a bad joke is a measure of how mortals

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, by William Shakespeare. Staged by Guthrie McClintic. Settings by Leo Kerz. Women's costumes by Valentina. Men's costumes by John Boyt. Music by Paul Nordoff. Presented by Katharine Cornell. With a cast including Miss Cornell, Godfrey Tearle, Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, Lenore Ulric, Ivan Simpson, Joseph Holland, Douglass Watson, etc. At the Martin Beck.

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ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226
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embarrass him by being mortal rather than Shavian.

It is the superb red-blooded mortality of "Antony and Cleopatra," made immortal by Shakespeare's transcendent powers as a poet, that has persuaded nearly everyone except Shaw to treasure the play. Had not Shaw been indulging in a paradox, he would have blamed Dryden instead of Shakespeare for seeming to maintain that, since Antony and Cleopatra loved each other as they did, the world for them was "well lost."

Shakespeare plainly did not think it was. The "well lost" phrase was Dryden's sub-title for his kelvinator rewriting of Shakespeare's classic. Shakespeare neither used it nor believed it. But he was writing a play, not preaching a sermon—and such a play. He was facing without blinking the florid, doleful facts of a tragic romance as they had fired his imagination when he came upon them in North's Plutarch. His trappings may have been Egyptian, his language Elizabethan, but the emotions he felt and phrased are eternal. No one has ever approached him in delineating, at once so fervently and remorselessly, a mature passion, mercurial in its moods, raging in its recriminations, shameless in its self-destruction.

The beauties of the verse must, from the production standpoint, be included among the difficulties of the play, along with the battle scenes and the script's torrential sweep. The score is one requiring not only intelligence but musicianship from the actors. If they must satisfy the mind and eye (in itself no easy assignment in this case), they must also delight the ear. For the tragedy is a symphony no less than a story. To muffle its music would not only clip its wings; it would crush them. The players have no other choice. Their throats must produce these melodies which readers hear in their inner ears without having to create them.

The text proclaims at every turn how amazing and prodigal was Shakespeare as a word-musician. To stand the more in awe of his genius both as poet and dramatist, one has only to track him to his source materials. To read or see "Antony and Cleopatra" and then to dip into Plutarch's "Antonius" in North's translation is not to have genius explained (because genius is a miracle defying explanation), but to eavesdrop on genius at the moment of creation.

The model, the marble, and the sculptor's tools are all there. So is that bridgeless gulf which always divides what the artist uses from the uses to which he puts it. Plutarch's narrative, a gossipy and sprightly one, in many instances is Shakespeare's

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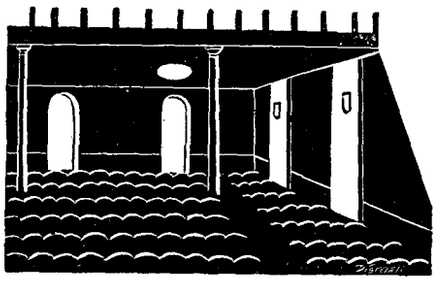
scenario. Yet, and this is where the wonder lies, in spite of similarities it is no more than the point of departure, the crag from which the eagle soars. On page after page parallels can be found. These, however, turn out to be no more than suggestions or, more truly, provocations. Although a hundred illustrations could be cited, I must content myself with a symptomatic three.

Plutarch's description of the barge is an obvious example of Shakespeare's capacity to strike imperishable fire from what at best were soggy logs. "[She took] her barge in the river of Cydnus," writes Plutarch, "the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture."

As everyone knows, this is transformed and elevated into:

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.

For another sample of this same alchemy at work, there is Antony's apostrophe to the fallen Eros, who, in spite of his oath, could not bring



himself to stab Antony and had, when ordered to do so, stabbed himself. Plutarch supplies Shakespeare with no more than a cue. "O noble Eros," says his Antonius, "I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me." On the lips of Shakespeare's Antony this becomes:

Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
I learn'd of thee.

Among all the lovely speeches Shakespeare wrote for his heroes and heroines at the moment of their dying, none is more exquisite than the one spoken by Cleopatra in her death scene. Plutarch's hint for it is meager. It is no more than what the seed is to the full-blown blossom. "When [Caesar's soldiers] had opened the doors," writes he, "they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes." The facts are there in prose. As extended by Shakespeare they erupt into song. Cries his Cleopatra:

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me.....
.....Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.

The rare, the radiant virtue of "Antony and Cleopatra" as Guthrie McClintic has set it behind the footlights is that it is so acted and so staged that the production, at almost every turn, triumphs over the glorious difficulties of the script. In the speaking, the language loses few of its splendors. The action careens across the ancient world, breathless in its pace. The scale of the emotions is preserved. So is their heat. So, too, is the wonderful complexity of the story itself.

One of the most tiresome of scholarly contentions is that the Elizabethan playhouse enjoyed a physical freedom unknown to our own. That the nature of its make-believe did differ from that to which the proscenium arch has accustomed us is undeniable. The apron of Elizabeth's day did permit actors to be three-dimensional, at least from the groundlings' point of view. But our own stage, due to the prowess of the switchboard and the invention of modern designers, can claim a matching liberty of its own. At any rate it achieves this liberty when its limitations are triumphed over as imaginatively as Mr. McClintic triumphs over them in his direction, and as Leo Kerz has done in his settings.

"Antony and Cleopatra" contains one of the most tantalizing stage directions in all theatrical history. When its contending forces are hotly embroiled on the plains near Actium, two opposing armies are supposed to pass each other in their march. "After their going in," the direction reads, "is heard the noise of a sea-fight." How Shakespeare solved this problem no one knows, and neither Granville Barker nor Admiral Nimitz could guess. Mr. McClintic wisely dodges it. He gives us the illusion of battle. He permits the shadow cast by great events to speak for the events themselves. By the use of moving flags and combatants, picked up in the dark by spotlights on the various levels of Mr. Kerz's helpful setting, he suggests the ubiquity which permits an itinerant script to wander.

VISUALLY, a more beautiful production of Shakespeare has not been made in our time than this "Antony and Cleopatra." It succeeds in evoking Egypt and Rome without losing its way in a museum. It is never guilty of the mistake of trying to be history. It belongs proudly and poetically to a realm of the imagination. The uniforms supplied the men by John Boyt, with their reds for Antony's forces, their greens for Pompey, and their blues for Caesar, have genuine majesty and serve as needed political guides. Valentina's costumes for Cleopatra are brilliantly creative. One may regret, as I do, the black and white battle dress which raises memories of camouflaged ships in the last war. Miss Cornell's other dresses, however, are lovely in their lines and colors. They are statuesque though wearable, and alive with grace.

As for Miss Cornell herself, she has never given a more enchanting performance than she does as Antony's Egyptian dish. No actress playing Cleopatra can hope to realize in every scene the various Cleopatras Shakespeare wrote. To be wanton and witty, lustful and regal, mischievous

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and sublime, as the part demands that Cleopatra must be, is to ask for the impossible away from the printed page. Yet Miss Cornell succeeds in being all these things to an amazing degree. One has only to remember how Cleopatra suffered in Miss Bankhead's, Miss Cowl's, and Miss Marlowe's hands, to realize the extent to which she is released in Miss Cornell's.

Miss Cornell more than achieves an infinite variety. Vocally and in her person, she captures nearly all of the changing moods of this chameleon who happened to be a monarch She looks her loveliest. She walks with a panther's grace. And she dies magnificently, resplendent in her robe, a woman all fire and air who has risen above her baser life, a queen not only of the Nile but of herself. There are those who are apt to think of Cleopatra merely as a trollop or a creature of the midway, because she was known to be "riggish," was said to possess a gypsy's lust, was variously referred to as a strumpet and a whore, and was fond of lascivious wassails. But, to my way of thinking, those who see her in such hootchy-kootchy terms miss her entirely. They have Doll Tearsheet rather than Cleopatra in mind. Theirs is a smoking-car error, Minsky-bred. They not only deny Cleopatra the subtlety which was part of her fascination but overlook the fact that she was a very capable queen. Tarts have no monopoly on passion. To be passionate one does not have to be common. Passion is common enough. Shakespeare's own sorceress dreaded the thought that she might live to see some squeaking Cleopatra boy her greatness "i' the posture of a whore."

Godfrey Tearle's Antony is nothing short of superb. He surmounts the final difficulty of the part by persuading us not only that Antony was great but that greatness still flickers in him. He is a conquered conqueror. Although Cleopatra may have overrun his body and his mind, a segment of his captain's heart remains his own. Even when we see him drinking Cleopatra's wine, we believe in him as a warrior once capable of eating the vile *foods Caesar describes him as having* formerly fed upon. Mr. Tearle's Antony is the Roman patrician, proud, lust-ridden, and brave; a man lost in the quicksand of his pleasures. His charm matches his arrogance; his weakness overcomes his strength. The pathos of his fall is realized to the full. From his first slightly reeling entrance to the cornered and self-loathing agony of his final scenes, he gives us every detail of a merciless study in disintegration.

Equally fine is Kent Smith's Enobarbus. He is, as he should be, the conscience of the play. He is wise, sardonic, disenchanted. Above the clamor of battle and through the incense of love; his voice can be heard, speaking calmly, sagely, wittily. His suicide after he has deserted Antony is movingly played, his heartbreak almost audible. He reads, moreover, the barge speech to perfection, avoiding all the temptations for sheer recitation in which it abounds.

Ralph Clanton's Caesar is manly, imperious, and vigorously spoken. Among the many other characters, most of whom are competently played, Lenore Ulric's Charmian proves as inexcusable as Douglass Watson's Eros is affecting. The truth is that Miss Cornell and Mr. McClintic, by their courage, their generosity, and their skill, have accomplished the unexpected. They have broken the jinx which over the long years has dogged one of the marvels of dramatic literature. Shakespeare's tragic Alexandrian revels are now ours to revel in as theatregoers.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Sonnet

By Blanche Bingham

SOUTH from the county's hill, we watched them go,
Geese of the wild, geese of the mournful eyes,
Writing with pointed wing on spectral skies
The bleak account of latitudes of snow
Under the glittering Bear! Of the four winds' woe
They gave us wintry cue and, counsel-wise,
Cried "Transitory! Transitory! Tarries
No wing! We are not free! Willed ever fro
And to we fly!" South like Time's pendulum
They swung; and like Time's sponsors on their way
Their way were gone. Wake to thy vassalage,
Geese of my soul, unwieldy birds! Obey
The ruthless order bids the wingéd home!
Straight to the dream! Into thy phalanx, wedge!

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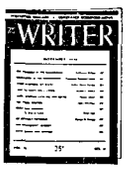

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

MAGNOLIAS AND IRON LACE

ONE OF the nicest things about being a tourist, especially on week days, is that everyone else is working while you're out looking things over and having fun. It has its drawbacks, though. You might have to look pretty hard on an ordinary business day down Louisiana way to find anyone waiting on the levee for the *Robert E. Lee*. Most folks probably would be too busy to be caught padding barefoot and nostalgically (the way they do in the songs) through the muddy waters of the delta they used to call home. And a visitor to New Orleans, save during Mardi Gras and some of the other holidays Louisianians celebrate so religiously, would find its half million residents going calmly about the business of making a living and growing older, day by day.

The city has a fascination that makes tourists want to go back. And if they can be in New Orleans for Mardi Gras, they'll gladly give you London when April's there. Other cities in the South make a big thing out of the final fling before Lent but nowhere else has it become quite so "big" (125,000 guests expected in '48) and quite so emblematic of a safe, sane step off the reservation. The psychiatrists can say what they like about Mardi Gras (literally Fat Tuesday). It's still a municipal week out, one to make the boys down at Rotary wink and cluck knowingly.

The boys will find themselves paying a bit more this winter and spring for the pleasures of New Orleans, whether they come for the six-day midwinter sports carnival that begins December 26 and winds up New Year's Day with the Sugar Bowl football game; the quieter John J. Audubon Pilgrimage to ante-bellum homes, the many azalea festivals, or, the big attraction in the center ring, Mardi Gras. Tourism is a business in Andy Jackson's old battleground, and inflation means about a ten per cent rise in rates, at least.

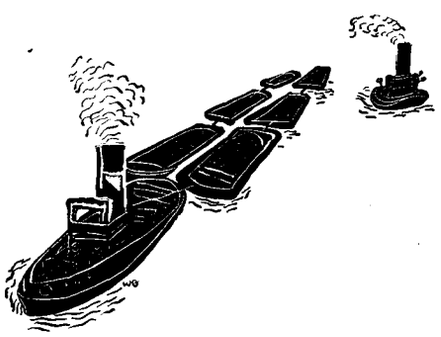
Even so, it is not too early to line up reservations for Mardi Gras, which comes early next year, Shrove Tuesday, climax of the week-long festival falling on February 10. Nor to locate a friend in the know who can arrange for invitations to the many private balls and parties that often start on Twelfth Night and run right through the public program of street parades and crownings of the Mardi Gras king and queen.

The fact that New Orleans was host a few weeks ago to a gathering of the nation's newspaper and magazine food editors is thrown in here gratuitously. The city's claim to being the "eatingest" town in America, if you like Creole cooking and few don't, is already well established. It may well be true that a lot of people who go back ostensibly for Mardi Gras actually make the trip (it's a long one by train, four hours and fifty minutes and $84.53 one-way by fastest plane from Newark) in order to sit in again on a meal at Antoine's.

It has been estimated, and probably not too accurately, that there are more miles of iron lace hung on New Orleans's architecture than there are either stockholders or subsidiaries of United States Steel. True or false, the Vieux Carré is what the travelers come to Louisiana to see—the iron lace, the courtyards, the slim iron columns, and the delicate balconies.

They run out of lace when they go up the river a few miles to the old plantation homes which are happily taking in paying guests and giving them, for modest fees, the run of fields stretching clear back to the levee, the privilege of strolling along tree-shaded driveways, and dinner and breakfast. Visitors are not likely to stumble across Rhett Gable and Scarlett Leigh on the premises but the air is redolent of ante-bellum atmosphere and, sometimes, magnolias.

Really fortunate guests may get chummy with a pure-bred Louisiana ghost. Scarcely a house in the French Quarter but has a haunt. Nor a tiny island or swamp without a spot where Jean Lafitte (the ubiquitous leader of Baratarian Coast pirates who scoffed at 30,000 British pounds and helped General Jackson save New Orleans after the War of 1812) buried golden treasure. Nor a plantation without the faithful ectoplastic retainer who returns now and then to see where he lost his life to keep the Yankees from riding their horses right upstairs.



Lafitte still comes back periodically, so they say, to haunt his old haunts and to wave a bony finger at susceptible Louisianians. Probably to chide those who spurn the stories of his bravado to embroider the fabulous fables of John Henry, the Mississippi River Superman. Or the remarkable Annie Christmas.

Annie was a big black girl who stood six feet, eight inches, without her shoes. She weighed over 200 pounds, sported a little moustache, and usually dressed and worked like a man, and fought like a wild one. She could, they say, carry three barrels of flour at a time, one under each arm, the third balanced on her head. And once, presumably in a show-off mood, she towed a keelboat from New Orleans to Natchez on a dead run!

Annie had her feminine moments when she would shave her moustache and gather all the New Orleans fancy women on her barge which she would then run up and down the Mississippi as a floating brothel. When Annie Christmas died, her twelve sons placed her body on a barge and they all floated out to sea and disappeared into legend. Annie doesn't live in New Orleans any more. The old place isn't the same without her.

PAUL J. C. FRIEDLANDER.

Mr. Friedlander, travel editor of The New York Times, *is guest editor this week of* BOOKED FOR TRAVEL. *Horace Sutton, now in Europe, will be back at the helm two weeks hence.*

For Visiting Firemen

NATCHEZ ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By Harnett T. Kane. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 373 pp. $4.

NEW ORLEANS HOLIDAY. By Eleanor Early. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 293 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE W. HEALY, JR.

VISITORS to the Deep South who have wondered about the fine old mansions in and near Natchez and about food and fun in New Orleans can find answers to many of their questions in Harnett T. Kane's "Natchez on the Mississippi" and Eleanor Early's "New Orleans Holiday." Most of the answers are right. Some, unfortunately, are wrong.

Both books will be liked by travelers rather than by residents of Natchez and New Orleans, for both writers approach their subjects from the point of view and with the experience of tourists. Although born

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in New Orleans, 200 miles down the river, Mr. Kane had little interest in Natchez until recent months; Miss Early, a native of New England, wrote of New Orleans on the basis of a holiday visit to the city.

Mr. Kane's volume reflects considerable research, plus careful observation. He found residents of some of Natchez's old homes living in splendor, and others living in squalor. He questioned them about their places, and then he turned to official records and newspaper files. Before starting his book he read many other books and consulted old documents.

Most of Mr. Kane's tales of the men and women who planned, built, and lived in the houses which marked Natchez as a community of concentrated culture in the middle of a wilderness are plausible tales. A few are drawn too fine or based on legends worn too thin.

In the latter category is his story of banditry on the Natchez Trace. Leaning too heavily on unstable sources, he barely misses a bad fall in this chapter. As the sources did, he presents too many details of the butchery by Big and Little Harpe and Mason's men. Some of the details of the murders he presents could have been known only by the murdered.

A great part of the book is based on history rather than legend. The chapter on Concord, home of Spanish governors, is noteworthy, for it may establish Philip Nolan in contemporary literature as a patriot rather than "a man without a country." Edward Everett Hale, according to Mr. Kane, accidentally chose the name of Nolan for his story of an American officer involved in treason. When he discovered his disservice to the memory of the real Philip Nolan of Natchez, Mr. Kane reports, Hale wrote a novel based to a degree on the man's life, calling it "Philip Nolan and his Friends," which received "not a fraction of the recognition achieved by the earlier effort."

The stories of The Briers, where Jefferson Davis married Varina Howell, and of Monmouth, home of John A. Quitman, are unusually well done.

Readers of crime stories will like best in "Natchez on the Mississippi" the chapter on Goat Castle, home of the eccentric Dick Dana and Octavia Dockery. This couple was pulled from seclusion to the glare of national publicity when they were suspected of the murder of Miss Jenny Merrill, spinster recluse who was descended from one of Natchez's first leaders.

While Mr. Kane certainly has made no effort to subdue color or to suppress glamor, he has been more restrained in his description of the Natchez houses than some of the guides through the old mansions during the annual spring pilgrimage.

—*Courtesy of Eastern Air Lines.*

New Orleans's La Vieux Carré . . . "more miles of iron lace than there are stockholders of United States Steel."

Miss Early apparently did much looking and little reading in her preparation for "New Orleans Holiday." Her book is a lighter and more superficial work than "Natchez on the Mississippi" and is recommended for entertainment rather than information. She expresses early a liking for New Orleans's favorite gin fizz, the Ramos fizz, and her book bears a marked resemblance to that palatable drink. Very frothy.

Best chapter is that on the Vieux Carré. Miss Early spent a greater part of her visit in that section of the city and learned to know it better than the other parts. Her advice to prospective visitors to the Vieux Carré is sound—and very entertaining.

Most of the fiction presented as fact in other portions of the book is harmless. For instance, it matters little whether the man reputed to have shot Huey Long was a dentist, as Miss Early says he was, or an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, which he was. Again, she writes that "Biloxi was an ill-fated place, and in 1717 Bienville moved his headquarters some hundred miles up the river [to New Orleans]." A glance at a good map can correct any misimpression which readers in distant places might get from that sentence.

Some of Miss Early's misinformation deserves correction for more serious reasons. Her statement that visitors have "about as much chance of going to one of the exclusive [Carnival] balls as the camel had of going through the eye of a needle" is definitely ill-advised. Visitors who have well-placed friends in New Orleans have little difficulty obtaining invitations to the balls. Members of all the secret Carnival krewes delight in sending invitations to residents of other cities. Guests seeing a ball for the first time generally are more enthusiastic than residents who have seen many balls, and Carnival thrives on enthusiasm.

Perhaps Miss Early intended to write that *strangers* have little prospect of being invited to a Carnival ball. If she meant *visitors*, she should explain how she got her own information about these balls—which she undertakes to describe.

Miss Early reports that the Carnival ball queen, "on her father's arm, is escorted to the throne where she is received by the king." Actually, the tradition is for the father to remain in the background. The queen's escort before she greets her king is the krewe captain, costumed and masked.

The latter criticism, of course, is trivial — presented for one purpose, to emphasize that Miss Early should not be taken seriously as an authority on New Orleans. This reviewer does not believe that she expects to be accepted as an authority. She is a traveler who writes pleasantly about places which amuse her in the hope that other travelers and readers who cannot travel may obtain some entertainment from her work.

George W. Healy, Jr., was born in Natchez, Miss., for more than twenty years has "prowled around New Orleans," where he is managing editor of the Times Picayune.

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THE SOVEREIGN PEN

(*Continued from page 21*)

pointing out that the views which Mr. Jones attributes to me are not my own. His paraphrase of my views, in fact, approaches the imbecilic. Let me state flatly that my books and critical writings have nothing in common with Mr. Jones's account of them. In these books and articles, I have consistently stressed the freedom of the writer, and I have defended writers against the censors, the moralists, the clergymen, and the political totalitarians of the Stalinist movement and the Communist Party. I have written on the so-called tendency of naturalism or realism in literature, and have defended writers who are more or less working in terms of this tendency. But I have never demanded that it, that any one tendency, be the only one considered critically acceptable. In "Literature and Morality" I discussed, analyzed, and polemicized against the commercialization of American culture, and I attacked, equally, the world-wide Stalinist totalitarian movement. Mr. Jones deceived his readers. His review indicates that I am mainly against "Hollywood and commercialism and vanity." He does not point out that I attack Stalinism on the grounds that this political movement is a danger to cultural freedom. This omission on his part is, to my mind, absolutely inexcusable. I do not hesitate to characterize it as deception.

Mr. Jones has one real argument against me. He declares that my views do not take into account the writings of Jane Austen, Virgil, Dryden, and Boccaccio. Similarly, my "principles," written in an anti-Stalinist article in 1946, were not acted upon by the serene Goethe during the latter's lifetime. Need I answer such academic humbuggery! It so happens that the work of these writers didn't come within the purview of my essays, although there is one passing reference to Boccaccio, a passing reference which would indicate my admiration for him. Mr. Jones is like many other barren academics. No matter what you write about, these barren academics cite some name which is not directly relevant to your argument. They floor you with this name.

I take the liberty of citing one quotation from my book. I have selected it at random. However, it is more than sufficient to show that Mr. Jones's account of my views is false. I quote:

> You cannot make writers "responsible" by telling them that they must be responsible. If you try to enforce responsibility by using moral pressure you are likely only to confuse their already confused "problems of conscience." If they disbelieve, if they doubt, if they are critical of ideologies, political theories, and party lines, they can gain a new attitude, a new orientation, a new set of values, only by working out their doubts, their disbeliefs, their criticisms. In other words, they must write out of their own tensions. If they do not, they cannot enlist their emotions, their total nature in what they do. . . . The confusing and complex nature of our period gives added emphasis to the necessity of using literature as a means of self-discovery. Before one can speak clearly to others about human emotions, about values, one must struggle and fight for inner clarity. This means one ought to saturate oneself with all of the data and all the emotional attitudes bearing on one's own problems and those of others. Strict ideological dictation merely forces the writer to repress his own uncertainties and struggles . . . This procedure violates the personality of the artist . . . you do not make an artist truly responsible by violating his personality. The way to make the writer more responsible is to struggle toward creating the conditions which will help him freely, honestly, rigorously, fearlessly to explore all the nature of man and all the conditions of life which bear on what he feels impelled to write.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
UNTIDY MURDER *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Defenestration of N. Y. mag. editor followed by kidnapping, receptionist's murder, and tidy solution by Norths and Lieut. Wiegand.	Although Mr. and Mrs. N. yield much of stage to Dorian Hunt (Weigand), yarn has titillative North touches and swift, baffling action.	Good as usual
TALL, DARK AND DEAD *Kermit Jaediker* (Mystery House: $2)	N. Y. "society columnist" found skewered by blackmail-investigating private op., who enrages cops but solves three-death mystery.	Plot dashes off on too many tangents, but contains meaty bits on typewriting, cryptograms, allergies, and society high and low.	Could be better
NO PLACE TO LIVE *Edward Rouns* (McKay: $2)	Oddly assorted mob of applicants for N. Y. apt. of deceased black-market operator includes double murderer—unmasked by inquisitive newspaper-cartoonist.	Racy little number moves with commendable alacrity through pungent and exciting scenes to solution that doesn't quite jell.	Passable
DEATH IN THE WRONG ROOM *Anthony Gilbert* (Barnes: $2)	Envenoming of acidulous English spinster, who knows too much, brings Arthur Crook to scene, with not unexpected, but still startling, results.	Although translucent as mystery this has most graces of characterization, suspense, action, and background that captious reader may demand.	Best British brand
THE ACCOMPLICE *Matthew Head* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Chance cafe acquaintance of American girl in mid-Thirties Paris involved with her in strange love affair and even stranger deaths.	Evil overtones of tale—including necrophilia—give it ophidian fascination nicely balanced by delightful heroine and likably forthright investigating-narrator.	For connoisseurs
OVER THE LINE *Alec Coppel* (Crime Club: $2)	English psychiatrist uses wife's American lover for guinea-pig in Perfect Murder, but dapper Supt. Finsbury spoils brilliant experiment.	Beautiful example of story that jumps traces merrily, violates hoary "rules" and, despite annoying stylistic mannerisms, packs huge kick.	Full of surprises
A HAIR OF THE DOG *Jean Leslie* (Crime Club: $2)	California dog-food tycoon makes new will and is fatally bashed. Dipso nephew follows, also numerous dogs. Local cops act effectively.	Beautiful (how she admits it!) secretary of "canine caterer" tells tale in prettily feminine but helter-skelter and unconvincing fashion.	Slightly giddy

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POET OF THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

(*Continued from page 8*)

lest the term "Revolution" be misused: "It all depends, whether the word will be uttered in quietly determined assemblies or shouted in rage by an uncontrollable mob." The man who, in 1831, had left Germany for France to enjoy the blessings of the Revolution, seventeen years later fled from the shouting masses into the quietness of the Louvre—because, as he puts it, he had become afraid of the dark iconoclasts who, once they had gained power, might, with their horny hands, heartlessly smash the marble statues of beauty, destroy the fantastic toys and spangles of art, cut down the grove of laurels and plant potatoes instead. In the new order, he feared, the lilies that neither toil nor spin would no more be allowed to exist, and Heine's own "Book of Songs" would serve the grocer to make little paper bags in which to wrap coffee or snuff for the old women of the future.

Heine was fearful of what José Ortega y Gasset called "The Revolt of the Masses." The poet predicted, and lived to see. both the February Revolution in France and its suppression by Napoleon II; he also predicted Nazism (". . . Thor will leap to life, and his hammer will bring down the cathedrals. . . . A drama will be performed which will make the French Revolution seem like a pretty ideal") a half century before Hitler was born.

Heine as a poet was dominated by emotion rather than by reason, and it was not any theoretical insight into the workings of society, but an unbridled love for mankind that made him exclaim, in "Germany, a Winter's Tale" (as translated by Hermann Salinger):

> Oh, let us here on earth be glad,
> We're tired of want and pain,
> The lazy belly shall not consume
> What toiling fingers gain.
>
> There's bread enough grows out of earth
> For all the children of mankind,
> And roses and myrtle, beauty and joy,
> And green peas and things of that kind.
>
> Yes, green peas aplenty for every man,
> As soon as the crop of them mellows!
> The heavens we shall gladly leave
> To the angels and the sparrows.

These verses may not be Heine's best, but they constitute the core of his thinking and feeling. George Eliot was aware of this when she hailed Heine as "a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow men"; so was Matthew Arnold, to whom Heine was "a brilliant, a most effective soldier in the Liberation War of humanity," and Havelock Ellis envisaged the poet as a new Moses, gazing from the vulgar Pisgah of his day into a promised land that he should never enter. Today, a century and a half after the poet's birth, we have not as yet entered that promised land. But we have a fair idea where that country may be, and among those who helped us in our search for the right path was that "irresponsible hedonist," Heinrich Heine.

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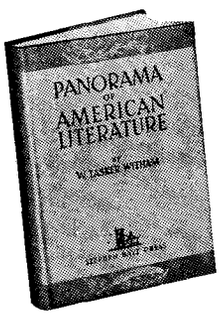

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING: *Recording Technique*	ENGINEERING: *Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BACH, MASS IN B MINOR. RCA Victor Chorale & Orchestra, Robert Shaw. Anne McKnight, June Gardner, Lydia Summers, Lucius Metz, Paul Matthen. Victor M 1145 (9) $20 Victor M 1146 (8)			A monumental, praiseworthy job, first "authentic" performance with proper small orch., small chorus, continuo, etc. Excellent instrumental solos now audible, as Bach intended. No Wagnerizing. Vocal solos good to neutral. Choral singing highly accurate, beautifully controlled. Recording: Excellent, though not markedly wide-range; fine bal. betw. many elements. (I like the favoring of orch. in the vocal solos.) Chief objection: predominately metrical singing and playing, minus long-line phrasing that seems to me essential in Bach. "Round," vibrato-toned choral quality. (Cf. Elijah.)
MENDELSSOHN, ELIJAH. Huddersfield Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic Orch. Sargent. Isobel Baillie, Gladys Ripley, James Johnston, Harold Williams. Columbia M 715 (16) (2 vols.) $22.70			Sequel to recent Messiah, with same group. This is best traditional British singing—chorus of working people ("amateurs") who sing with fine musicianship, great sensitivity, accurate, "flat"-type tone (see Bach Mass). Soloists here seem better than in Messiah (music is easier to project). Elijah is beautiful but dull except for some few outstanding passages. For superb a cappela singing try side 23; typical choral number, 24. Recording: absolutely tops; wide-range, fine liveness, solos well placed, not too close, not too loud. Surfaces A.
BEETHOVEN, VIOLIN CONCERTO. Joseph Szigeti; N. Y. Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia M 697 (5) $7.05	Beautifully clear, but highs greatly boosted; sounds metallic, screechy on hi-fi equipment. V1. liveness-balance has it too close, too loud for best musical effect.	A	A fine, sensitive job, but Szigeti is unaccountably inaccurate in spots. On whole preferable to Toscanini-Heifetz set (VM 705) though a lesser performance.
MOZART, QUINTET IN C, K. 593. Budapest Quartet, Milton Katims, 2nd viola. Columbia M 708 (3) $4.60	Sharper highs than Victor's recent Paganini Quartet; a similar big liveness. Occasionally rather coarse, esp. in loud passages.	A to A—	A brilliant performance of one of M's last works, complementing the famous G minor Quintet. This one, Haydn-influenced, is more folksy, dance-like.

MONUMENTALITY

WE ARE entering another peiod of recorded colossi (see above). This rather sudden turn of events brings to mind the last similar flood of giants back in the early days of electric recording, around 1930. It is interesting to speculate on just what delicate economic conditions, what factors of musical taste, of stability and instability, production and distribution, supply and demand, might stimulate the creation of these monuments on records.

The present run of heavyweights is all the more striking when it is considered that since the early days, when a brilliant succession of complete operas, oratorios, and other enormous works (Bruckner, Mahler symphonies, the Gurre-Lieder, etc.) were issued, there has been a notable lack of big recordings. The new Bach Mass, the Messiah, for instance, replaces standard record classics that have been unchallenged since those early days — is it coincidental that both should appear so suddenly (and another Messiah announced)? The great decade of phonograph consolidation, the Thirties, saw only a few such recordings, mostly in subscription form or cautiously incomplete, as Act III of "Meistersinger."

Prosperity? Note well that the last period of large-scale recording coincided neatly with the depression. It abated with recovery. Recording technique? A better reason. The basic advance of electric reproduction no doubt first inspired the earlier efforts towards artistic monumentality on records. Today, after the war, similar advances in technique and in reproduction have perhaps again set off the human aspiration to monumentality, to record in a big way, for posterity. Art critics will note many similar historical urges towards the monumental in other arts—also to capitalize on, to crystallize an admired and perfected technique?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

NOW, TODAY, when accusation and counter-accusation are bandied back and forth in our country; when some men try to suppress and outlaw the opinions of other men; when no one specifically defines communism but many shout that it is this or it is that; when it is a field day for every reactionary and violently prejudiced narrow mind; and when, on the other hand, we have the disturbing spectacle of men who will not speak out and affirm their beliefs or stand up and be counted; in this day of bewilderment for the old-fashioned American who believes in all the freedoms presumably guaranteed by the Constitution, and hates the atmosphere of suspicion and malevolence, threat and fear at present clouding our skies, I wish to quote the words of a man now dead, a man who loved the United States of America as few have loved it, and a man who told us why. Let us stop name-calling and wrangling a moment to listen. This man was my brother, but the force of his expression belonged solely to him.

WE MADE THIS THING

Out of the flesh, out of the minds and hearts
Of thousand upon thousand common men,
Cranks, martyrs, starry-eyed enthusiasts
Slow-spoken neighbors, hard to push around,
Women whose hands were gentle with their kids
And men with a cold passion for mere justice,
We made this thing, this dream.
This land unsatisfied by little ways,
Open to every man who brought good will,
This peaceless vision, groping for the stars,
Not as a huge devouring machine
Rolling and clanking with remorseless force
Over submitted bodies and the dead
But as live earth where anything could grow,
Your crankiness, my notions and his dream,
Grow and be looked at, grow and live or die,
But get their chance of growing and the sun.
We made it and we make it and it's ours.
We shall maintain it. It shall be sustained.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

I for one still think that this is our America. I do not believe that it is the America of hysteria, fear, suspicion, and hate; neither is it an America of divided allegiance or political hypocrisy. It is fundamentally an America unafraid because truth-telling has nothing to fear, unoppressive because it knows that no lie can stand the light; an America believing that social and economic growth is no treason, and that dictatorship can never find roots in our soil of freedom. It is an America that will survive the crackpots both in and out of Congress, who shout confusion and prophesy things infinitely dire. It will survive the bright yellow press. It will survive a mistaken few who hope to make it totalitarian. It will survive a few in public office who are its worst enemies. It will, in fact, survive.

* * *

DECEMBER EVENING

Yes, it was quiet that afternoon and evening;
And in all our minds, suppose England, suppose all others fall.
Then — remember — that voice that called us all,
The fighters droning, so high?
The machines, and you and you and I
In the mile-long factories, and the code-bells ringing?

BERT MOORE.

* * *

I am grateful to Mrs. Ted Robinson for sending me two items, a booklet published by the Rowfant Club, a local book collectors' club in Cleveland, Ohio, of which her husband, the late columnist and poet Ted Robinson, was a member, and a card—one of a few left from those printed after the First World War. The booklet contains a tribute read at the Rowfant Club on October 11, 1946, by Carl Liggett, in honor of Robinson, and called, "The Beloved Philosopher of Folly." It is warm and graceful. The card contains Ted's poem, "Demopithekos," which originally appeared in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in the days just after the First World War. These lines are so pertinent to affairs today that I must quote them. Robinson imagines Demopithekos speaking to him and saying:

"What I think is true.
If you say some other thing,
I shall punish you."

So he punishes the poet by calling him "terrible names."

I laughed at his devil,
And he called me Atheist;
I cursed his injustice,
And he called me Communist.
I sickened at his morals,
He called me Hedonist;
I retched at his murders,
He called me Pacifist;
I damned his whole ape-custom,
And he called me Pessimist.

If Demopithekos believes
The names he calls are bad,
I know they must be lovely names—
I own them, and am glad.

Ted Robinson was a much-beloved character. He was incapable of professional jealousy and incapable of sneering. He wrote thousands of verses, and some were poetry, and all were skilful. As for Demopithekos, I find him not only, unfortunately, in our own democracy, but in all totalitarianism where the attempt is made to have all people think alike, and where people are punished if they venture to express an opinion which does not jibe with a government directive or a "party line." To the end of my days I shall be opposed to this tyranny. In other words I am for that greatly American thing, free speech, which is not only attacked by those of little brain in our own country, but is always invoked by those in a minority who would by no means allow it if they were in the majority. There is only one thing to do about free speech, and that is to let it be truly free. Let in the fresh air and no falsehood can stand; lies are self-convicted even as they issue from the false mouths that utter them. Americans know the truth when they hear it and the bunk when they hear it. The politicians and the venal elements in our country can't fool them for long. Here's to the late Ted Robinson, and confusion to anyone who suppressed his right to free speech.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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A Christmas Letter from Mrs. Kingsley

THIS opportunity to send you greetings I welcome in that it gives me the chance to suggest that you ask Santa Claus to leave in your stockings one or all of three of the following: that wholesomely unique story by Valentine Davies, just published, though run as a movie earlier in the year, "Miracle on 34th Street"; or the American Collegiate Dictionary published last month; or as a family offering, if you don't already own it, the indispensable Webster's New International Dictionary. If you feel that the last is a bit too steep for the family purse, the abridged American Collegiate is a magnificent buy for only $5. Of course an abridged dictionary always has to omit whole sections of material, like colloquial and slang words, which some day will be authoritative. I haven't taken time to examine this volume as intently as I'd like, but inasmuch as biographical and geographical words are distributed in the body of the book and words coined during the war are included, and the print does not suffer thereby, it seems to me a vast improvement over other abridged dictionaries. If I had owned it sooner, I should not have been put to the trouble indicated in the next paragraph. Or may I add another suggestion that has just occurred to me: namely, a subscription to the Mercantile Library, $6, 17 East 47th St., New York. I don't know what I should have done this past summer in my DCing without their mailing service for current books. All these suggestions are decidedly spontaneous with me. The parties concerned with their sale know nothing about my thoughts on the subjects.

Failing to note the source of the word *gung-ho*, used in Series No. 22, when I came to define it, I was in a quandary. It sounded Chinese and geographical, but it was in no atlas in my library. Finally I was driven to visit the general reference desk at the New York Public Library. They are such an intelligent, helpful group that I felt sure of assistance. Mr. Brunner discovered it to be the name of a pamphlet on Chinese cooperation. Mr. DeWeese sent me to Dr. Mitch, head of the Oriental Department of the Library. His assistant confirmed its meaning of working together, and added that it was the slogan of Stilwell's raiders during the war. So that was that. Then the name of one of Charles Reade's plays, "Sera Nunquam," needed explaining, and I could find the title in none of the books dealing with Reade's plays which Mr. DeWeese secured for me from the stacks. As I had mistakenly used only part of the title, *Nunquam,* in my puzzle, I finally decided to keep it as a Latin word, meaning *never,* and I wrote to the Merriam Company to ask the source of the title. Their references are helpful, but the expert could not understand why the Latin title was not given in the works we had consulted. If any one of our DCers is interested in following up the investigation, I'll be glad to turn over the letters to him or her.

Speaking of words, when I used *Dobbin,* meaning an old nag, I hadn't the faintest idea that I should define it as the capable Secretary of the Navy, 1853-57, until I came across that fact in my WBD while hunting for another name not at all connected. And the other day in reading about present excavations in Nebraska I appropriated the word *artifacts* with which, in turn, to puzzle you.

That reminds me that after Sherwood Larned, formerly of Chicago, now of Saugerties, N. Y., had finished No. 705, he wrote me of an anecdote connected with his friend James Breasted. It concerned an experience Breasted had when working in King Tut's tomb. Writes Mr. Larned:

> He was working with that notebook your quotation refers to, with a large gilded statue of King Tut himself standing alongside watching him. Happening to look up he imagined that the King winked at him. He looked again and saw the wink again. He began to wonder if all the prevalent ghost stories were affecting him. A little nervous, he got up to get a closer view and found that a small flake of gold leaf had come loose from the eyeball of the statue and was hanging by a spider web. As it twisted and turned in the draft it at times gave a reflection from the light he was using. So a perfectly good spooky story was spoiled.

Changing the subject, Mr. Larned adds, "I am glad that at least once a month the *SRL* gives us your DC on paper that will show a pencil mark. My octogenarian eyes find it hard to see the marks I make on that glazed paper." Many of you from your letters want, I know, to add an "amen."

It is pleasant to reflect that among our own puzzlers can come material for my DC's, like the Thanksgiving one, so pat for my purpose when I was turning the leaves of one of Norman Corwin's radio volumes. Do you recall the storm roused some time ago when I quoted in a DC Kenneth Roberts's opinion of Maine chowder as compared with the French bouillabaisse? Thus we are not surprised to note in an ad of a recently published Maine cookbook an introduction by Kenneth Roberts.

Roscoe Grant, retired high school administrator, now of Hempstead, L.I., dropped in by invitation recently and sat down to see what he could do with a situation that stumped me temporarily. "I'll take that letter B home in my pocket," he said of the troublesome letter left over. A jolly solution, wasn't it? But after he left I solved the DC by changing just seven words.

Some of you, among you a newcomer, Pearl L. Porter, Rapid City, S. D., wish that the answers were not included in the book, and some have told me that you paste them together to avoid temptation. I hope that you unpaste them after puzzling the whole book, for I like to think of those fifty selections, now multiplied by twenty-one, as so many anthologies; for I do give thought to the type of excerpts that go into the book. At present for Series Twenty-three I'm using letters written by Americans and it was most provoking and time-consuming when I came to Jefferson to find that the selections I most wanted were written by James Madison or John Jay, when one J is often a stumbling block in my search.

I have just learned of a shameful error of fact in word P, DC No. 713. The poet whose sonnet is quoted on the Statue of Liberty is not Grace Aguilar but our American Emma Lazarus, 1849-87. We are indebted to Rabbi Milton Steinberg, New York City, in a most gracious letter, for giving us this information. When I used Aguilar in the DC I was a bit shaky, but none of my reference books helped me out. I recalled merely my surprised delight when a few years ago I read that quotation on our great monument to find that it was by a minor poet, and a woman at that. I remembered her Jewish ancestry; I was familiar from girlhood-reading with Grace Aguilar's "Home Influence"; but I did not know Emma Lazarus's work, and I guessed wrong! I do hope the seven-letter word I gave you did not make your holiday puzzling too confusing. I do apologize to you in sackcloth and ashes. ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 717

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

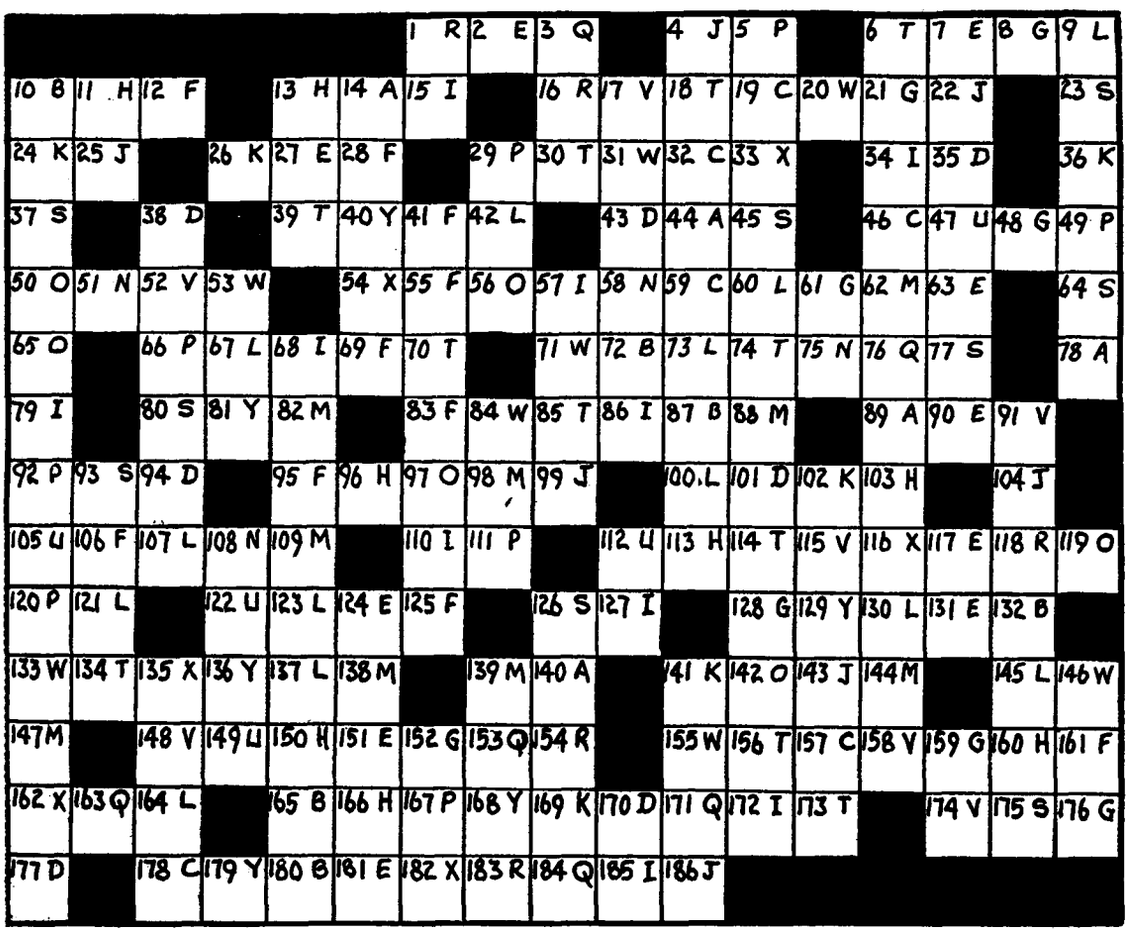
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Heroine of Byron's poem "The Island."	44 140 78 14 89
B. To make a choice (rare).	165 72 132 10 87 180
C. Unkempt; wrinkled.	19 59 157 178 32 46
D. Basaltic lava.	177 38 170 35 43 101 94
E. Greek philosopher (dualistic theory of the universe; 500?-428 B.C.).	181 90 117 7 151 63 27 2 124 131
F. Birds of the family *Sittidae*.	12 55 125 83 161 28 69 95 106 41
G. Mother of Orpheus and chief of the nine Muses (Gr. myth.).	21 48 152 128 61 176 8 159
H. To exceed in avoirdupois or value.	96 166 150 13 113 11 160 103
I. The brain (2 wds.; slang).	34 57 79 172 68 185 127 110 86 15
J. Throng of animals, esp. seafowl, crowded around a hole in the ice (arctic).	99 104 143 186 25 22 4
K. Young lady to whom Byron dedicated "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."	36 24 26 102 141 169
L. Dutch colony in N.A., 1613-64.	107 67 100 121 73 42 123 137 60 9 130 145 164
M. Part of a phrase, derived from Swift, used by Matthew Arnold to describe the essence of ideal culture.	82 139 109 144 147 62 98 88 138
N. American portrait painter and engraver; pioneer in lithography (1784-1861).	58 51 75 108
O. Daughter of Mohammed by first wife and wife of his cousin Ali.	65 50 56 119 97 142
P. Shaped like a mulberry.	49 5 167 92 111 120 29 66
Q. First name of title and heroine of novel by George Moore (1898).	184 171 163 153 3 76
R. Smartly spruce.	183 16 1 118 154
S. The sword of Launcelot of the Lake.	126 175 64 37 45 80 77 23 93
T. Indomitable (comp.).	74 156 39 6 134 173 85 70 114 30 18
U. Javelins.	112 149 47 122 105
V. The diaphragm (of the body).	17 52 91 158 115 148 174
W. An apparatus for testing the rotation of the eye (physiol. optics).	20 31 146 155 53 71 133 84
X. Nickname for Alabama (with "State").	116 135 162 182 54 33
Y. American lawyer and statesman; Sec'y of State, 1877-81; chief counsel for President Johnson in the impeachment trial.	129 136 40 179 81 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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